

THE STUDENT WORLD

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Easter—the Victory of a Lost Cause

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Easter—the Victory of a Lost Cause

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THE STUDENT WORLD

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Volume XXXV

Second Quarter, 1942

Number 2

EDITORIAL

The Lord of the Church

Easter, Ascension Day and Pentecost celebrate three events closely bound together not only in time but in their ultimate significance. All three deal with the Lordship of Jesus Christ. Through them God reveals that Jesus of Nazareth, the crucified King of the Jews, is the Anointed of Israel, King of kings and Lord of lords.

The specific message of Easter is that the Lord of the Church is the Risen Lord "Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death: because it was not possible that he should be holden of it."

The specific message of Ascension Day is that the Lord of the Church has been lifted up at the right hand of God and given the "name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth . . ."

The specific message of Pentecost is that the Lord of the Church stands by His own through the power of His Spirit, and that His Body, the Church, is never left alone.

This is the King's threefold proclamation which the Apostolic Church heralded to the ancient world, carrying it from little, occupied Judaea to the remotest corners of the earth. And when the great pagan empire fell to pieces, it is the faith of the Church which became the leaven of the new civilisation to be born.

Today tremendous pagan forces have again "gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ". Is it too much to say that the fate of civilisation once more depends on the Church's faith in the power of her Lord's Resurrection? Will it seem too bold a statement to declare that the issue of the spiritual struggle of our day will ultimately depend on how far the Church will take hold of the gift and the promise contained in the Easter message?

We are of those who believe that our western so-called "Christian" civilisation shows such signs of disintegration that left to itself it is doomed to self-destruction,—a self-destruction which already materialises under our very eyes on an appalling scale. There may be a respite; there may be an interlude similar to the one between the two world wars, or even longer. But there can be no sheer going back to old forms of life, old slogans, old political and economic systems. New forms of life are to be born. And the whole problem becomes: will they be born with or without Christ? A pagan world might develop, whether dominated by ideologies of a "mystical" kind or by cold-blooded scientific methods, where men would have their "pedigrees" and be used according to the best tests of scientifically ruled production for the so-called common good.

Nothing excludes such a possibility; our "Christian" civilisation might die like any other. "Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?"

One thing seems certain: it will require much more than human and even Christian goodwill, it will require God's power of Re-Creation to change the pangs of death of our downward-bound world into the pangs of childbirth of the new world to be born.

The heaven of our Western civilisation for twenty centuries, whether we were conscious of it or not, was the Churches' faith in the Resurrection of the Lord; for this faith implied that the ultimate reality which gave meaning and content to our earthly strivings was GOD. History had meaning because it was no mere cyclic succession of rising and dying civilisation; Christ was the beginning and the end and the centre of all history and led history to its fulfilment. Individual life had meaning because there too the fatal cycle had been broken; the way of all flesh was no more disintegration and death; time was seen and valued in the light of the Eternal. The life of the community had mean-

ing because it was not made of an atomic mass of irresponsible people but of men and women who had a task to fulfil in the family of God. The Risen Lord was the King of kings before Whose Throne men and nations and rulers of nations would have some day to stand and account for their deeds.

Where the Kingship of Christ is denied, where men stand in their own right and rulers have no more to answer for their deeds before any higher tribunal, moral and social disintegration ensues.

This process of disintegration is far more advanced today on the continent of Europe than on others; and far more in certain countries of Europe than in others. But that the process is not limited to any one continent or country is shown by the way in which well-informed men throughout the world speak today of the "disintegration of culture" as an admitted fact; nowhere is the crisis more acutely felt than in the universities.

"Judgment begins at the House of God." We may ask ourselves if the Church does not carry a heavy load of responsibility from the very start, in this whole process of disintegration, because her message had lost to a great extent its "dynamis" and therefore its integrating power. How this came to be is a long story which spreads over centuries.

If we are right, the first and foremost duty of the Church is to recapture the secret of the Apostolic Message as a message of Life which works as an integrating power in society.

We have to relearn the meaning of Easter.

We have to relearn the meaning of the Ascension of our Lord.

We have to relearn the meaning of Pentecost.

I

Easter

Faith in the Risen Lord is the cornerstone on which the Apostolic faith is built.

Without this faith there would have been no Church. Simon Bar-jona would have gone back to his fishing nets, a sore and disillusioned man carrying at the bottom of his heart to his last day the remorse of his denial and a bitter sense of frustration. Saul of Tarsus would have been Saul of Tarsus to the end with that one difference that he would not have persecuted the Church,

—because there would have been no church; there would have been at the utmost a few secret disciples of Jesus,—the great Teacher whose endeavour ended in failure.

St. Paul puts the whole meaning of Easter in a nutshell when he writes: "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins . . . If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

A Church where the great message of the Resurrection has ceased to be proclaimed with the full certainty of faith ceases to be the victorious Church. Jesus' Gospel becomes a lofty teaching, — dangerously idealistic and disappointing in this realistic world of ours. The bonds of sin and death are not broken; men are not made whole. Nothing is really and truly changed on the face of the earth. We are left with our sins. And the world, the sceptical world, very quickly becomes aware that the Church has no saving message for its situation. It ceases to listen, it also ceases to attack; it goes its way. The world only begins to listen, and to resist, where the Church proclaims with boldness that in Christ our sins are forgiven, that in Christ all things are made new; where the Lord of the Church is believed and obeyed as the Living Lord, the One authority which allows of no other besides it.

The message of the Risen Christ tells us that the past can be wiped out; that a new beginning is possible; that the dead may yet live. What a message for a world in the pangs of death! But in order to be believed this message must be proclaimed with the full authority of the resurrected who have experienced Christ's redeeming and creative power in their own lives.

The Christian community is meant to be the community of the resurrected, a living demonstration of God's power to free the slaves and raise the dead and make all things new. A community which lives under the sign of the Easter victory will never cling to conventional forms of life; it will be ever ready to shape new forms of life because God's creative power will be at work in its midst; the world in which that community lives may be smashed; society may undergo the most drastic changes. The community of the resurrected stands under God's free heaven; such a community is a bearer of life and therefore it is tied to no external form of life in such a way that it could not reshape new life for itself in any circumstances. We are afraid of only one thing, said the "Gaulois" of old,—that the heavens

should fall! As long as there is a Heaven mankind can stand the pressure of the times. Only when Heaven itself becomes void of meaning is humanity truly lost,—a boat without a pilot on the tossing seas. The pre-Christian world at least knew there was a Heaven; the post-Christian world has emptied Heaven and prides itself in having “blown out the stars”!

For such a world the only message is the message of the resurrection of the dead. How far is the Church of God in all lands a community of the resurrected?

II

Ascension

Ascension Day should be the greatest Feast Day in the liturgical year. For it is the celebration of our King's Coronation.

Christ's Ascension to the heavenly places means that Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Man, has entered the Holy of Holies. In Him and through Him, mankind has been admitted into the presence of God, included in God's Fellowship of Love, made a living part of the Holy Trinity. His access to the heavenly places means our access to God, for He is the first-born of many brethren.

St. Paul is fully conscious of the depth of this great mystery when he writes: “If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory.”¹

This being seated on the right hand of God means further that God has handed over the kingship of the world to His Son.

Because Christ humbled Himself and took the form of a servant, because He went the way of the Cross, God has highly exalted Him and handed over to Him His Kingdom.² Since Ascension Day Christ reigns and His Dominion extends over heaven and earth. “He must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet.” Christ is King of kings and Lord of lords, whether the kings and lords of the earth know it or not; they will know it some day, for their bliss or their condemnation.

¹Col. 3: 1-4.

²Phil. 2: 5-11; 1 Cor. 15: 20-28.

By a deep and strange misunderstanding the Church has often spoken of Christ's kingship as a thing of the future; a thing to be hoped for and prayed for. When we pray "Thy Kingdom come", we pray for the day when God's sovereignty will be manifested and all shall be one in Him. That this is not so yet makes no difference to the King's right. Christ is the One lawful Ruler of heaven and earth; earthly authorities can only retain power because He has entrusted such power to them. They are in a position of stewardship. Earthly rulers should take earnestly and literally the parable of the pounds.³ They are God's trustees and will have to account for their trusteeship.

The Church knows that her King is the final authority under whom the whole world stands. On this knowledge the Church bases her freedom; for she knows of no other Master. On this knowledge the Church bases her attitude of obedience toward the State in all things right and lawful. It is part of her calling to remind those in authority of the true meaning of their trusteeship and to help them towards an ever deeper understanding of their earthly task.

When the Church shuts her door to the world and accepts that her Lord's dominion be restricted to the so-called religious sphere, she betrays her Master, for she denies the reality of His kingly rule, His accession to the Throne on Ascension Day.

III

Pentecost

If Ascension Day means the King's Coronation, Pentecost celebrates the gift of His power to those who are called to be His ambassadors to the world. "Not by might nor by power but by my Spirit," says the Lord. For a long time to come the Church will be composed of humble men,—fishermen, tax-gatherers, tradesmen, and slaves: "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called."⁴ It is through the power of the Spirit that these "unlearned and ignorant men"⁵ bear testimony to their Risen Lord.

³St. Luke 19: 12-27.

⁴Cor. 1: 26.

⁵Acts 4: 13.

It has often been said that the Book called the Acts of the Apostles might well be called the Acts of the Spirit. As Jesus is the central figure in the Gospels, so is the Spirit the main actor in Acts. The "dynamis" of God is at work in His Church. Through the outpouring of the Spirit does the first Christian community come into being. The first miracle of the Spirit is that each of the listeners hears the Gospel in his own tongue: a sign that the broken unity of mankind is restored in Christ. The curse which rent apart the nations in the story of the tower of Babel (the vain attempt to build unity not from above but from below) is symbolically lifted on Pentecost Day: a token of the final healing of the nations when they will bring their glory and honour into the city of God.

St. Peter's speech on the Day of Pentecost shows the long way that the apostles have gone since Easter Day. The Spirit of God has opened their minds to the meaning of the Scriptures. Christ is seen as the One who moves history from its beginning and to whom Prophets and Kings bear witness. The scandal of the Cross has become a way of salvation: "God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ."

A new type of society comes into being: "The multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul . . . they had all things common." Much has been said and might be said about this early community and its process of sharing. It was not, and never claimed to be, an ideal society; it remained a company of sinners. But in this company the Spirit of the Risen Lord was at work creating new life and new bonds of fellowship. Thanks be to God! this experience of the early Church is not unique of its kind. Again and again men and women have experienced the binding power of a common allegiance to their Divine Lord.

The "signs" given on the Day of Pentecost have an ultimate meaning: they are tokens of the life to come, the life of the Kingdom when God will be all in all. But they have at the same time an immediate significance: they permanently call the Church to order, reminding her of what a true Christian community should be like. The Apostolic Church is a Church with a message: "With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all." The Apostolic Church is a Church whose very existence is a demonstration of power and might: men and women are made whole

in body and soul; as the heart of the two disciples started to burn on the Emmaus Road, as they recognised their Lord in the breaking of the bread, thus does the heart of the community burn in mutual love wherever the Lord is present and the breaking of the Bread is done in His name: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

In order to believe, our wounded world needs perhaps more than anything else a Church whose life and unity will be a demonstration of God's forbearing love.

SUZANNE DE DIETRICH.

* * * * *

The next two issues will deal with certain important questions concerning the war, and the future.

1942 Lenten Message of the W.S.C.F.

(Prepared at a Consultative Meeting representing ten nationalities, held at Poughkeepsie, New York, February 1942)

To all our Members and Friends—

God's grace be with us all!

Our fellowship today is both broken and unbroken. New barriers keep us apart, new bonds bind us together in ever closer loyalty to our common Lord. We who have been meeting over this first Sunday in the Lenten season have been particularly conscious of those of our fellowship who suffer for their faith. We remember those who are in the services, among the refugees, in prison; those whose families are divided; those for whom life is hard, for whom hunger is a daily reality and for whom the future is dark. We are conscious too of all those dangers which are not physical, of pride; of self-satisfaction; of prejudice; of selfishness; of arrogance of race, nation, or economic status, which beset us all. As one of our German members spoke to us this Sunday morning of our Lord's Temptations and of His answer, "Man shall not live by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," we came to see afresh the significance Easter this year holds for the Christian Church and for our Federation. Days of crisis may be times of new spiritual vision and vitality. God longs to use even the agony of this hour to lead His children into the Kingdom.

While because of limitations on travel many of our members could be present with us in this meeting only through their prayers and ours, this meeting has been far more representative than we had dared to hope. Members from many countries and several continents have made this a real Federation meeting although not an official one. Moreover, the presence of one of our officers, recently returned from a special mission of fellowship with officers and students in Europe, brought vividly to us all a deeper understanding of the hardships under which they carry on today. In these days together we have felt this bond of suffering drawing all in the Federation closer and closer together. Wherever hunger is, wherever exploitation is, wherever our members are in prison or our movements are forbidden there are we all! The reality of the Federation fellowship is sensed by us here in the fact that Christ's prayer "ut omnes

unum sint" is being answered for us in the community of suffering to which He calls us today. But it is not only a community of suffering, for we are filled with thankfulness for the evidences that from suffering already are coming fresh accessions of Christian life. We thank God that those of our movements which are under fire inspire us by their way of meeting the challenge to our common faith and life. We thank God also for those places where our work is still unhampered and for the opportunity for some of us to meet at this time. For the new movements coming into the life of our Federation we are humbly grateful. For all these friends of ours we pray, especially that the hour of suffering may pass, but that while suffering lasts it may be our common burden. Those who still live in relative comfort and security stand humbly before God feeling His judgment and seeking His will. They ask for the prayers of their fellows around the world, realising that by God's infinite love creative leadership for the coming days will come from those who today learn indispensable lessons as they endure the rigours of the world's pain.

We feel at this time the urgency of understanding our world afresh in terms of Christ's revelation of God. Of late we have been more interested in pointing out what was wrong with the world as we saw it, than in seeing God at work in His world and in that light understanding what He is doing in and through History even now. There is demanded of us a new and deep humility before God in which we shall regard ourselves as the instruments of His Will rather than as the advisers to His Throne! We have been so intent upon creating the kind of world in which God will feel at home that we have not asked ourselves whether we are at home in the world in which He is acting.

This is God's world. The working out of History is the working out of His purpose in it. Whenever and wherever human sin comes between man and God's purpose for him, God's judgment is upon him. The experience of the last few years, the evidence of our own failure to accomplish what we conceived to be in the best interests of our own particular group—this experience, felt most deeply in the war-torn and suffering parts of the world, has made us realise that God is judging us. Gradually there is breaking through our complacent sense of self-sufficiency the awareness that God's will is being accomplished even in our failure. As surely as we seek to act in defiance of His law, we experience the devastating destruction

physical, moral, and spiritual, with which we are becoming ever more familiar.

In one sense, this occurs at the point at which we have misused our nature as given us by God to serve our own selfish ends rather than those of the community of mankind. There are many manifestations of this today, as the forces of evil find expression in many forms. God is judging all forms of exploitation, whether it be in the interests of one man, one state, one race, one colour, or one creed, which deny the responsibility of the individual to the community. All forms of social and political structure based upon this denial of God through denial of community are being judged by Him today, and are doomed to ultimate destruction.

For this reason we reaffirm the statement made at Bièvres in 1938 in the following words: "Members of the S.C.M. are wholly bound in loyalty to Jesus Christ, and this loyalty determines our attitude to such contemporary entities as race, nation, state, class and the international community. We must therefore oppose every attempt to consider these entities as ends in themselves and every claim that they are of supreme value. We believe in the positive contribution of the nation, and desire to be rooted in the life of our nations. But while nationality distinguishes us, it should not separate us, but be used in accordance with God's will for the world. We must consequently resist in the name of Christ any tendency in nationalism to claim the whole loyalty of men; the domination of one people by another; and the appeal to military aggression as an arbiter of national claims, with its consequent wanton destruction of helpless peoples and cultural institutions.

"In opposing these evils, we recognise that we share in responsibility for them, and for the injustice of many international policies; for the national self-assertion and the inequitable distribution of the world's resources which are underlying causes of international conflict. So we must take action in repentance and in a spirit of willingness to sacrifice even our own national privileges."

Some of our members have already been confronted with the tragic failure of man to establish an ordered world. Others have not yet learned that not only is the kind of order which they seek to create open to question, but so also is their very ability to create any order at all. This view of history equips us with a new sense of time; we recognise that we may be called

upon to face a period of utter darkness in which, none the less, God is at work, accomplishing His long purpose of redemption. This view is significant for it implies that the downfall of one or many political systems, or even of an entire culture, does not mean the end of all hope or of creative life. Rather, only through the deepest suffering, even of a whole civilisation, can we be brought to realise the nature of God's demand upon us in Christ Jesus. Our answer to this demand must be our desire for reconciliation with God and with man. We will show our profound sense of repentance by using our influence throughout this struggle and afterwards to uproot the fears and the hatred which would allow recriminations and attitudes of vengeance to continue in existence.

The instrument of God's redemptive power in the world today is the Spirit of Christ working through His Universal Church. This is a time when, above all, our task is to rededicate ourselves and to witness to the Gospel of Christ as the Word of God for this generation as for all time. We must pledge ourselves to remove those evils and injustices in our own national community life which have led us into this destruction. And we strongly reaffirm the creative function of the Federation within the Church of God.

We who have gathered here are more than ever convinced of the reality of fellowship within the community of believers in Christ. "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." We here have witnessed the fulfilment of that promise.

"A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;
Our helper He amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great; and arm'd with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

"God's word above all earthly powers, no thanks to them,
abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours, thro' Him who with us
sideth.
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also;
The body they may kill, God's truth abideth still;
His Kingdom is forever."

—Martin Luther.

(Ein' Feste Burg)

Easter—the Victory of a Lost Cause

H. L.

The Easter Message of the Church is the most difficult to proclaim, simply because it is at the same time its greatest message. It is an historical fact that this message became the corner-stone of the Early Church; the writings of the Apostles resound with it to such a degree that almost no page and no line of their letters can be understood apart from this great presupposition. "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain," says St. Paul, and he means it. This statement is valid up to this day: *if* Christ be not risen, the whole enterprise of Christianity is doomed to collapse. Who then would be able to distinguish it from all sorts of fantastic theories and illusions?

The Walk to Emmaus

Paul, that great and energetic Christian thinker, gives his explanation of the Resurrection in the 15th chapter of his first letter to the Corinthians, possibly the greatest chapter he ever wrote. But there is another most beautiful story of the Early Church, which from another angle leads us to understand the meaning of Easter. Luke relates it in the last chapter of his Gospel, the story of the two disciples who on Easter day walked into the sinking light on their way to that little village Emmaus. And while they walked and talked in the sadness of their hearts, "Jesus drew near and went with them." There you have the meaning of Easter in a nutshell, in the simple, transparent, almost classical lines of this little scene. Our religious painters have always been attracted by the silent beauty of this story, none of them more frequently than the great Rembrandt with his numerous illustrations of this scene. I like to think of an illustration which I saw years ago in Dresden, painted by one of the well-known religious painters of the last century, Fritz von Uhde. You see the three men of this story walking through a

beautiful green valley. Fresh green covers the forest near by and the meadows are bursting with the flowers of the spring. You almost seem to hear the murmur of that little brook in the middle. And on the little path at its side you see those three. You can only look upon their backs, but even if you could not see their bent heads you would feel the burden of their meditations and the sorrow of their thoughts—followers of a lost cause! People who lead an easy-going life won't understand this, but you cannot preach the Gospel to people whose wisdom consists mainly in avoiding the battlefield of life. Those, however, who have to fight the battle of their life are in a position to appreciate the attitude of those two wandering with Jesus Whom they did not recognise.

There is masterly psychology in the description of their sorrow. Their lost hope leads them on to fear and despair. And so they give up the place where alone according to the Lord's promise a new hope could arise, Jerusalem, and leave the circle of their fellow disciples, where alone they might have found the source of a new conviction. Fear and despair always lead in the wrong direction. Our fear poisons our thoughts and decisions. Because they felt unable to revive their lost hope, because they could not change death into life, they thought the same of God Himself. That is the origin of all unbelief, the applying of our human standards to the living God.

But even more masterly is the divine way in which Jesus drew near and went with them on. There is this simple statement: Jesus drew near and went with them. This line contains the whole Gospel, the full story of man's salvation. Man is not left alone in the abyss of his fears and despair! Jesus is closest to those who bear the burden of their sorrow. They do not know Him yet, because "their eyes were holden"—but He is there. Jesus is not like the philosophers and their teachings who have no existence outside the knowledge and the understanding of their followers. The Risen Christ is not dependent upon human understanding. He is greater than our hearts. In a sense it is quite natural that we do not understand Him. We cannot.

The Sin of Unbelief

This, however, is a serious statement. There is a need which lies deeper than any other of our sorrows. There is no sorrow like sin, and there is no sin like unbelief. "We are, all of us,

slow of heart to believe." One of the most spirited preachers of the last century said: "If we feel well, we don't believe; if we don't feel well, we don't believe either." And this lack of faith is more painful than any other sorrow. Lack of faith is the greatest and gravest of our sins, because we measure God by our human standards.

That is the reason why we need Christ.

The beautiful pattern of our story goes on like this: Jesus went with them. "And He expounded unto them the Scriptures."

So let us join in our thoughts those three on the road to Emmaus and listen to this unparalleled Teacher and His blessed conversation with His disciples. Then we may catch a glimpse of how a real faith comes into existence. "He expounded unto them the Scriptures." There is always a blessing in dealing with the Bible. There is no Christ and no salvation outside biblical revelation. Of course, it may happen that people do not find Him there. But another thing may also happen. Let me try to illustrate it by a very simple example. A man may get hold of the musical score of an opera, but if he is unable to read it he will only discover curious signs and notes, but the sense of the music will be lost on him. Another who knows how to read the key of the music will have an idea of the music in all its beauty. Now the same is true of the Bible. It will be a collection of meaningless sayings for him who tries to read it without reference to the Living Christ. But the Risen Christ holds the key to it. The whole biblical revelation loses its meaning if we do not see how everything points to the Resurrection. Without this you may find a collection of remarkable moralistic statements in the Bible. But if He opens our eyes, we discover the way, the truth and the life.

The disciples felt the difference. With Him at their side they were able to understand the Scriptures, which were no longer an abstract thing, but something which made their hearts burn within them. And that was the moment when their living faith began.

The Turning Point of Faith

And suddenly all their life acquired a new meaning. This was the decisive turning point, when their eyes were opened and they knew Him! Now even their sorrows accepted a new meaning. They were on the way to Him all the time, even in

the depths of their sorrows. It was as Pascal said: "Tu ne me chercherais pas, si tu ne m'avais déjà trouvé."

It is the scene which Rembrandt describes in one of his illustrative paintings—this moment when the familiar scene of the Lord breaking the bread suddenly becomes transparent and Eternity shines through that quiet scene. And they knew Him!

You cannot believe in an idea or theory. But you can believe in Him. For He is the Living One. He is not dead, no mere fact of ancient history. He is present. He grants faith to those who seek Him. And everybody who finds this faith makes the same discovery as those two lonely disciples. They were no longer lonely. They were at once changed people. They went home, that very hour of the night with no other purpose than that of witnessing. They went straight back to the place which they had left that morning, Jerusalem. They were seeking the same people from whom they had fled that very day, their fellow-disciples. And now the next discovery was awaiting them. They found fellow-believers! The Church had sprung into life! The Risen Christ had become the living force of their life as well as of that of their brethren. The forces of the Resurrection were spreading through the world. And from that day on they never would stop.

The day of the world may be far spent. If so, there is no more urgent prayer than that of those two: Abide with us. It is that prayer which never will fail. The Risen Christ will answer it, as He did on that first day of His Resurrection.

Easter—the Victory of the Resurrection

NICOLAS ZERNOV

We live in the days of death, suffering and destruction: a wholesale destruction, a world wide suffering, a death of millions of men, women and children. The entire human race is in the grip of violent crisis, and this comes at the end of a period unparalleled for its prosperity, technical progress and high hopes for a better future. Totalitarianism and the outburst of the second world war have shattered that complacency and spiritual blindness which like a cancer eats into the body of Christian civilisation. The years of security and peace made possible the spread of the conviction that man is a placid, prosaic being, who cares only for his material comfort, and who can be perfectly happy when his physical needs are satisfied. All these illusions have been swept away and the average man has revealed once more both his surprising heroism, his readiness for self-sacrifice and at the same time his cruelty, his lust for power and his love of destruction.

The Christian Church has always taught that man is both a son of God, who can enter into the most intimate, personal relationship with his Creator, and at the same time that man is also a sinner, who is apt to commit most brutal and foul deeds. This teaching has been fully vindicated by the experience of this time of strain and storm. Moreover it has been proved that the more civilised a human being becomes, the higher is his ascent and the more precipitate is his downfall. The recovery of this old and almost forgotten truth about man and his nature has a profound bearing upon the understanding of the meaning of Christ's Resurrection.

The Resurrection in West and East

This victory over the powers of evil and death stood in the very centre of the religious experience and theology of the Early Church. But since the time of the split between the Eastern and

Western Christians the true meaning of the Resurrection has been gradually obscured. There was in the West a widespread uneasiness about this most revolutionary event in the story of the Incarnation. Those Christians who saw Christ as their personal Redeemer felt that the work of salvation was accomplished on the Cross. Their individualism, and their desire to eliminate all the material elements from religion, made them shrink from the thought of Christ's bodily resurrection. Even more upset were those Christians who interpreted Jesus Christ in terms of an inspired teacher. They considered that the Resurrection was an uncomfortable intervention of the Supernatural into their rational and progressive explanation of history.

The Christian East has never been much affected by these tendencies of Western religious thought. It has always been more realistic, more aware of the double character of man, and of the uncertainty of his earthly existence. At the same time the Christian East could never be satisfied with only spiritual victory. It believed that Christianity could be the hope of the world only if it was able to redeem the whole creation, both in its spiritual and material manifestations. For the East Christ's grave is the greatest revelation of the power of sin, His Resurrection is the sign of complete victory. This is the reason why the Orthodox Church, in accord with the Early Christians, makes Easter its greatest festival. Only in the East the Christians still know how to rejoice on that night when the Church here on earth calls together its members to commemorate this turning point in the history of mankind.

Easter Night in Jerusalem

There is no better way of sharing this certainty of the belief in the truth of the Resurrection than to take part in the Easter night service of the Orthodox Church. This is not an easy task at present, but the following picturesque description of the Service in Jerusalem conveys a vivid impression of the Eastern attitude to Christ's victory. Its author is Bishop Nicolas of Ochrida, one of the best known preachers and writers of the contemporary Serbian Orthodox Church. He writes:

"We waited, and at last our expectations were fulfilled! When the old patriarch chanted 'Christ has risen', a heavy burden fell from our souls. We felt that we were spirits not of this world: as if we also had been raised from the dead! All at once, from

all around, the elemental acclamations of nations and races resounded, like the noise of many waters. Everywhere, where there was hardly room for a man's foot, men were thronging together. By such good cries our brothers from Asia and Africa express their joy. It is something unusual for the European, but such are the people of the East; an ecstasy of suffering and an ecstasy of joy. During Holy Week they loudly wept by the sepulchre of Our Lord, they kissed the sepulchre with their lips, with love they pressed their faces and their hands against it, they beat their breasts and lamented . . . And in the morning—turbulent exclamations of joy. They are sincere and unrestrained, like children—but was it not to the children that Our Lord promised the Heavenly Kingdom? I once heard from a Copt what he thought of Europeans: 'They know how to laugh,' he said, 'but they don't know how to rejoice.' Eastern joy is without laughter, it is a specially elated, spiritual joy.

" 'Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered,' proclaims the patriarch.

" '*Christos anesté*' (has risen) sing the Greeks. The sepulchre has been transformed into paradise, the place of torment into a festive chamber. We hold the burning candles in our hands, but our own souls are more luminous than candles.

" 'Christ has risen,' sing the Russians—marvellously, contemplatively, and softly as silk—as they alone can sing. But at this hour and in this place even the worst singing seems beautiful. Yes, and the ugliest face strikes one as lovely. The light and the joy of the Resurrection changes everything, transfigures all: the voices, the faces, the objects. All is beautiful around us, all is pure, all is holy—all, as in paradise.

" 'Christ has risen,' chant the Arabs in their own way, stamping their feet and clapping their hands.

" 'Christ has risen,' sing the Serbs, the Copts, the Armenians, the Bulgarians, the Abyssinians, the Negroes—one after another, each in his own tongue, in his own melody. But all is beautiful. I will tell you something: all the men around us appear beautiful and good. And all these dark sons and daughters of Africa—they are all beautiful and good, like angels. All this is a miracle, which can be accomplished by Christ's Resurrection alone. And this alone is the one true foundation of brotherhood between men: to see all men beautiful and kind.

"At dawn the service terminated in the temple, but it went on in our souls. We began to regard everything in the light of the glory of Christ's Resurrection, and all appeared different from what it was yesterday; everything seemed better, more expressive, more glorious. Only in this light of the Resurrection does life receive meaning."

Easter Night in an Air-Raid

In the past this Orthodox emphasis on Easter was little understood by the Christian West. Recent events have paved the way for a new appreciation of this traditional position of the Eastern Church. Last Spring a small group of Russians met together on Easter night in the hall of a school in a little town called Hereford, some twenty-five miles from London. It was ten p.m. when the Service was due to start and as soon as the priest began to sing the triumphant hymn of the Resurrection, the first bomb fell, shaking the whole building. It happened to be one of the blitz nights. Death and destruction descended with arrogant might upon the helpless town. But the Service went on, and the choir continued its triumphant singing, overcoming sometimes even the sound of the gunfire and the explosion of bombs. At midnight the priest turned to the congregation raising high the Chalice and inviting all to partake in the body and blood of the Risen Christ. Just at the same time the "all clear" sounded; it was a token of Christian victory—goodness is stronger than evil, truth can triumph over error, life is mightier than death.

This year the members of the Orthodox Church will once more celebrate Easter. Not many of them will be able to gather together at their glorious night Service, but nevertheless they will offer thanks to the Creator for the supreme gift of life which He has bestowed upon mankind, and for the proof of the final victory over sin, suffering and death, which He gave to men on the day of His Resurrection.

Easter—the Victory of Faith

R. O. HALL

Easter is not an idea; nor is resurrection a principle. Easter *was* once; and *is* always. It *is* an act of God: a once acted Act: and not a principle of action. Easter is set in spring, because Easter happened at a spring festival. But it has nothing to do with the principle of spring—with the seasonal succession of new life out of winter death. Spring follows winter by God's automatic ruling; but Resurrection is not an automatic sequence following every Calvary.

Death on Good Friday

Similarly death is death: not a principle nor an idea but a fact. And Good Friday was death; and like all death it was a defeat: a defeat for the life principle of the body. Good Friday was a defeat—not as winter is a defeat, with the known certainty that spring follows—but a defeat as death is a defeat. What had been active—part of us, and part of our life, a leader and a prophet, a lover among men—was killed and done away with. No more lepers were healed; no more children blessed; no more scribes sent away amazed and dumbfounded at His answers. From Good Friday onward they had no more trouble from “this fellow”; the voice was silent; the hands could not break the bread with them; or the deepset eyes rebuke them, before the facile question or the sardonic comment was yet cold upon their lips.

Christus Victor: Yes. *Crux Victor*: No. The Cross was a victory for men, not for God. The world had to wait for Easter for God's victory. Good Friday was not an act of God: but of men. Easter was God's act. As at Bethlehem—in all the process of Incarnation of which Bethlehem is symbol—as at Bethlehem the human was made meaningful because the divine came upon it and took it up into its own uses; so on Easter day the Cross was made the means of our Redemption by God's taking man's

worst rebellion and making it a part of God's supreme giving of His Love. The voice was stilled, the hands were powerless, the feet could no more tread the temple courts; but the Risen Christ had no need of such limitations, no need of the voice's sound to reach men's hearts; no need of the bone and flesh of hand to heal their pain, no need of feet to bear Him whither He would go. He was Risen. He is Risen. The Local can now be Universal, the Particular is now a General Experience, and yet always the local and the particular is in the universal and the general. In Bethlehem God acted in revelation. On Calvary man acted in rejection of this intolerable revealing. On Easter morning God acted finally to turn their rebellion into victory. He did so by giving us not a revelation but a friend, not a teaching but a saviour, so that He with Whom we have to do is Jesus the Crucified and Risen. As we see the nail-prints in His hands and feet—we kneel with Thomas to cry "my Lord and my God".

The Defeat of Death

Last year our Holy Week was dominated by the performance in a local picture house of the picture "Pastor Hall". I am no judge of its artistic merits—nor of its truth to the horrors of "modern" punishment in Nazi Germany. But we felt we had witnessed again the crucifixion.

Two comments were made by very different folk equally moved by the play. The first said, "Ah! but the victory was with the Pastor. They killed him but he was unconquerable." "No," she answered. "Evil *can* destroy good. I don't know about victory: but what saddened me was the defeat. His congregation should have risen as one man and thrown themselves upon the storm troopers, rifles and machine guns. Only a mass rising of the people can overthrow this horror of Naziism. Individual martyrdom is sheer waste of goodness." If there is no God, the death of Christ like the death of Tess of the Durbervilles is part of the meaningless sport that evil makes of good; and individual martyrdom is then sheer waste of goodness.

In the picture of the breaking of Pastor Hall we had witnessed a crucifixion to which there was no Easter day. Easter does not follow crucifixion as spring follows winter. She was right, and he was wrong, about the victory that does *not* lie in dying.

The New Testament believes in God—because the Resurrection happened. Man had done his worst; God intervened. If Christ be not raised—then is our faith vain. “And last of all he appeared to me also.” The man, who in Incarnation could only reach his fishermen neighbours, in Resurrection reached the heart and mind of the Pharisee of the Pharisees, who, having been Saul of Tarsus, so became Paul of Christ.

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And for these days it is foolish because unchristian, and unchristian because foolish, to expect an Easter spring after this cruel winter of war. Each death, each suffering is indeed another calvary. The world is filling up the never-to-be-filled “lacking” in the suffering of Christ. But resurrection does not follow these new calvaries: it has preceded them. Since Easter Day the world is a different place—new-knit to God in Christ. Incarnation and Resurrection are two notes in one chord in the music of God’s playing. So the victory that follows our lesser calvaries is our faith—our faith in the Easter that is past; our faith that once for all put Christ beyond the power of evil to assail Him, and gave to those who would be in Christ the victory that God gave Him, when in great power He raised Him from the defeat of Death.

Beyond the Power of Evil to Assail

Ten years ago I had another moving Easter. I remember how my bicycle sped upon my further visiting as my heart sang out, “The Lord is risen indeed and hath appeared unto Matt Thompson.” He had a dirty job, Matt. He spent every night in the tram-car sheds—making sure the works and wheels and gears and brakes were ready for the next day’s running. His hands kept continual company with mud and grease. His face was smeared each morning not with that “clean dirt” of the pits, but with the foul grime of a city’s greasy streets. Matt was dying and hated dying; rebellious and cross he was—a bad patient—at once miserable and ashamed and more and more irascible.

Two days after Easter his wife opened the door to me, her face radiant in welcome. Involuntarily I said: “Good. He’s better.” “No—not better—but he was afraid he would die before he had told you what happened to him on Sunday morning.”

In the little room he told me—of a Saturday of deep water and wild anger, of medicine brushed away, food rejected, and a weeping helpless wife. Then in the very small hours shame got the better of him. He lay still and repeated the words I had used so often at his bedside: "Come unto me all ye who travail and are heavy laden and I will refresh you." "Then," he said, "the darkened room was filled with light—and I saw Him . . . He was standing at the foot of my bed . . . His arms were towards me. Then He spoke—I cannot tell you how wonderful that voice was. 'I am the Resurrection and the life,' He said. 'He that believeth on me shall never die.'" At that point Matthew broke down in tears, took my hand in both of his, and groaned, "I am not worthy that *He* should come to *me* like that."

A week later I sat with his wife by the kitchen fire after his funeral. The peace of his dying was still upon the house. "Vicar!" she said. "Do you think that was real, what happened to him on Easter Sunday morning?" "Real? Of course it was real," I said. "That is what happened to Peter and Mary and the disciples on the Emmaus Road. It was appearances just like that that convinced the disciples He was risen. If Matt's vision was not real we should never have known anything about Jesus."

Ten years later I had set my wife and two children, twelve and six, on their way home—ten weary weeks of grey sea to a Scottish port. I came back from Singapore to Hongkong, fighting anxiety, determined not to be weakened by it, saying "I will trust God—He is both sides of death." I had to celebrate communion the day after my return at a missionary conference in a Kowloon Church. I had broken the bread and blessed the cup and was kneeling to receive, praying earnestly for those dear ones.

And at that point He came to me, His light wrapping me around, and I saw Him standing on the grey waters with my wife and children at His side, His robe cast over them protectingly.

From that moment anxiety went—I had *no* assurance they would be saved; I had *no* assurance and no desire for assurance for their life. But I knew that in life and in death Jesus, the Risen Lord, *is* both Lord and God; and that they were His and He was theirs—forever.

A month later I was still waiting for news. A friend said, "Are you not anxious?" I looked at him and was going to say,

“What is anxiety?” but I stopped, and then tried to tell him why I was not anxious.

In fact they were bombed, to be rescued after a night and a day in the deep, in a lifeboat tossing in a gale.

The Resurrection and the World

Easter then precedes and does not follow our modern calvaries. Evil’s latter-day victories shout defiance at the Act of God which has already marked evil down for conquest. For you and me—as for Paul—the meaning of this is clear. To us to live is Christ and to die is gain.

For the world? Can we answer that question? Does the world mean more than “for others”? It does; and it does not. It means more and it means no more.

I am ever seeking a framework for the world and God—a picture more profound than Progress, and more downright honest than Providence—seeking, and yet as I seek knowing that perhaps that picture is life itself, and there only is a picture for God and for His world as we live for Him and with Him—as Saint Paul lived—knowing that “as one born out of due time He hath appeared unto me also”.

Easter—Its Message for Today

ABRAHAM THOTTUNGAL

The Syrian Churches in India—both Mar Thoma and Orthodox¹—and perhaps all Eastern Churches, emphasise Easter more than any other event in the Christian calendar. No doubt Christmas is important and significant as the day of the birth of Jesus, who revealed to us God, our Father. The Cross is vital and indispensable, for it revealed at once the love of God to all mankind and the sacredness of every human being. But it is Easter that is the climax, giving us the assurance that personality survives death. It is only through this experience of the resurrection of Jesus that we can challengingly say:

“O death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory?”

Easter in Travancore

Easter comes for us at harvest time. No one has to tell the people of India what harvest means, for most of them are farmers. Harvest means the reaping of the fruits of their labours. They prepare the ground. They sow the seeds. They care for the planting. They patiently work and wait until the harvest time. When the harvest is ripe they reap with rejoicing. They gather and store the grains and fruits, for they are their sustenance until the next harvest.

Easter comes at the close of Lent. Lent is a time of discipline and devotion. It is a time when Christians are invited to discipline themselves—physically, mentally and spiritually. In

¹The Syrian Church of Travancore, usually called the Jacobite Syrian Church, is one of the oldest churches in the world. Tradition attributes its foundation to the apostle, St. Thomas, and, though this may be doubted, it is certain that this church had a thousand years of history before St. Francis Xavier began his missionary work here in the sixteenth century. Under the influence of Protestant missions part of the Syrian Church has accepted a reformed tradition and separated from the Jacobite Church, taking the title of Mar Thoma.—Ed.

spite of the persistent Protestant disregard for Lent because of the false fear that it is entirely a Roman Catholic practice, the Syrian Christians of Malabar have been more or less strict in observing it. Many of them abstain from eating too rich foods, and the use of tobacco and all intoxicants. Not a few go further and give up one meal every day during Lent, and the savings go into the funds for the poor, the widows and the orphans. In fact they are invited to do everything to keep their bodies a fitting temple of the Lord, wholly acceptable unto Him. It is a period when greater emphasis is given to the study of the Bible and other Christian literature. It is a period when more time is devoted to prayer, meditation and worship, both individual and corporate. It is also a time for re-examining ourselves. Thus Easter comes as the beginning of a new life, a life more fully surrendered and better consecrated to God and His purposes.

Easter came at the beginning of a new world. The disciples of Jesus believed that He would establish a new kingdom even surpassing that of Rome. They hoped that they would rule with Him. So they did not understand Him when He told them of suffering and death. They were disappointed when He was arrested by the soldiers. They were dismayed when He was mocked and scourged. Their hearts sank within them when they saw Him hanging on the cross. Their hopes were blasted when He died. That seemed to them the end. Their hopes and dreams of a kingdom were gone.

With drooping heads they turned homeward. They were tired and worn out. That day was too much for them. Soon darkness covered the earth, but a greater darkness was in them. Perhaps in their utter hopelessness they recalled some of Jesus' words about dying. And had He not said something about rising after death? Yes, but those words had been so incredible. Had they not witnessed the ghastly scene on the hill—jeering crowds, Roman soldiers, cross, nails, blood, spear-wound? They passed the night in utter despair. The Sabbath dawned. All quiet in Jerusalem. Another dark night. And another dawn—but what hope had they? Suddenly they were startled by the astounding news, "Jesus is risen. Our Master liveth." That was too much for them to believe. But soon they became convinced. This experience of the Resurrection of Jesus, this revolution of life and thought, this new realisation of the kingdom gripped them. This new experience buoyed up their hopes and courage and

they became men of power. Out of the pain and travail a new world was born.

Symbolic of the Crucifixion and Easter, in many of our churches, the Cross is removed from the altar and placed down on the floor on Good Friday, to be replaced only at Easter. During the early hours of Easter morn the church bells toll the news of Easter, awaken men from slumber, and summon them to worship Him, who is eternal, Him, who has power over death.

Jesus is not dead. He cannot die. His spirit of goodness, love and forgiveness is eternal. It is still with us. And "Whoso liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Eternal life has become a reality here and now to those who know it. This is life eternal, to know God. This is the meaning of Easter.

Easter in the history of a church

History tells us of many dark and critical days, through which individuals, nations and the Christian Church have passed. But it also tells us that such occasions have been followed by something like Easter, a change for something higher and better. The Syrian Church in India has passed through many such periods. To mention one, some three centuries ago the Roman Church tried to subjugate her. When other means failed, the Archbishop, accompanied by a strong force of Portuguese, visited church after church and brought the Christians to submission. Resistance was futile and persecution was severe. After years of struggle this Indian Church lay prostrate at the feet of Rome, and Rome was triumphant over her success. The death of this ancient church seemed certain. It seemed to be the end of the fifteen centuries of her existence. Days, nay years, passed. Those were dark and desperate.

Suddenly, as from nowhere, hundreds, nay thousands of those Christians gathered together in a church in Cochin. They tied ropes to the cross in front of the church and everyone of them holding to those ropes pledged to defend to the last man, the faith of their fathers. They broke away from Rome. Thus at the Coonnen Cross (Bent Cross—bent because of the weight of the ropes and pressure) they turned their defeat into victory, their death into a new life. Thus out of the darkest night dawned a new day. That was an experience of Easter in their lives and for their church. The true, the good and the beautiful are eternal.

The promise of Easter today

The greatest need for this chaotic world is the Easter message. In the midst of confusion and insecurity we need faith in immortality. We need a vital experience of Easter. When the last World War was over we thought that peace, freedom and justice would flourish, and that the kingdom of God would be extended. And for a time the tides seemed to be moving towards this goal. But there had come an earthquake upheaval from the abyss below which had reversed the tide. We knew that all was not well. There were wars and rumours of wars. And all at once we were rudely awakened to the grim reality of another world war, fiercer and more destructive than the last one, and rapidly extending to almost every country.

As we look at it today, we are disheartened when we see nations—both large and small—subjected and exploited by others. We are discouraged when groups and races are oppressed and persecuted. We are dismayed at the utter disregard for human lives and human rights. We are horror-stricken at the tremendous waste of men and materials. We are sad and gloomy when we see pain, hunger and suffering all around. We are overwhelmed by our helplessness, defeatism and scepticism. Is there any hope? Is there a future? Can we still have faith in the promises and dreams of Jesus?

These are, indeed, grave questions that puzzle many of us. Yet in the midst of all this gloom, I believe, there is still a place for hope. This is no mere optimism. History proves it. Science confirms it. For after the longest night there comes the day. Out of travail and pain are born joy and peace. Out of defeat are sown the seeds of victory. After death there is resurrection. The cross and death could not stop Jesus. Death had no dominion over him. Prison, persecution, sword, ship-wreck or hunger could not stop His disciples. They too were eternal. This is the message that Easter brings to us. This is the Faith that overcometh the world. This is the Faith that we need to appropriate to save the world.

A Letter to the Fellowship

JOHN L. WILSON

(We asked our American Negro friend to write this personal message because he is well known to fellow conference-delegates in a score of countries as one of the most devoted "Friends of the Federation"—Ed.)

Easter, 1942. How very different are my thoughts of it in this world now crowded and crammed full of all its tensions and strains! Dare we run off to ivory towers? Dare we try to escape the impact of this changing world upon us? Dare we lose faith in the God behind it, the God of Love, Who is also the God of Wrath?

Suffering

Everywhere about me I see the effects of the mighty impact of the world today. Here in my home-land, as in yours, machines are busy grinding, grinding away, and men and women are preparing both to kill and to die for something. For what? You and I are living in a very challenging world. What contribution shall we make to it today?

As I begin to think of Easter, I am compelled to let my thinking reflect back over some experiences of our Lord before His going to the Cross, the experiences which made Him pray till sweat like drops of blood flowed from His brow. Certainly the days which lie ahead will make demands of suffering not only of me but of many of you, my friends around the world. Before this reaches you I shall have to make decisions relative to the position and stand I must take in the present conflict. I am now a member of a country which is actively participating in this world struggle. On every hand I am challenged and the days which lie ahead will demand of me, and my fellow American Christians, that we do without scores of things which

only a few years back were considered necessities of life in our American pattern. I am sure that these days will most certainly bring suffering with them. What the year 1942 holds in store for us no one knows. Yet in the face of obvious suffering, giving up of customary practices and all that will accompany them, I must in some way meet any challenge which comes to me in the spirit of Jesus.

Fellowship

How shall I be able to meet it? Only God knows, but truly I cannot run away from the thoughts of my friends around the world, my fellow members of the World's Student Christian Federation—you whom I met at Mills College, California, at Oxford, at Bièvres, at Amsterdam, at Nunspeet, or perhaps at Toronto—you, whose letters have come for miles from every corner of the earth to me before this conflict became so acute. How I missed for the first time, last Christmas, a line from many of you and how I enjoyed the few messages that fortunately found their way to me! Some of you, my friends, may be in prison camps or suffering perhaps at the hand of my own country. Some of you are away from your homes—or even your country. Just a month ago three messages came to me from American addresses from friends met at Federation conferences in Europe—refugees. Others of you may be working hard and sincerely to support your country regardless of the side on which it stands in this conflict. Still others may be fighting and perhaps dying for your cause. All of you, who now experience the discomfort of occupation by enemy countries, are silenced from me just now; yet I have a sense of your presence because we are united in a Christian fellowship. This we experienced and have continued to experience since we were together in that actual living World Christian Community, a community that does transcend national boundaries and all barriers, that does hold us together even now when the channels of communication are closed to us most everywhere. We must live, think, and act yet, though far apart and without communication, as members of that community. Yes, many of you are silenced from me, but I must remember you in my prayers. And as I pray both for and with you wherever you are, in many lands, I am confident that our God will hear us praying, and guide us as we give ourselves to let His Will be done.

"Hear our prayer, O God, and grant that we shall bear one another's burdens in perfect goodwill, saying always, 'Thy will be done.'"

"My soul waiteth in silence for God only: From Him cometh my salvation." Ps. 62: 1.

Easter 1942. As my thoughts go out to you my friends in all parts of a world almost wholly at war, I recall once more those lines of Albert Schweitzer's: "Jesus commands and to those who obey Him whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the suffering which they shall pass through in His fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery they shall learn in their own experience who He is."

Faith

May you and I through worship and study, through the Bièvres, Mills College, Oxford, Nunspeet, or Amsterdam experience and fellowship put together our resources and strength in the building of that philosophy of life which will help us endure the stress and strain brought on by these days of conflict. May we keep our Faith and Hope rooted not in the material things which bombs, and guns and all the other horrors of war may wipe out in a moment, but in the everlasting love of God, our Father. He abideth for ever. May we keep faith in the Christian Church and keep her pure throughout these days—for these can be either days of catastrophe or days of opportunity—but from these days there must arise "The Church".

As I think of my many friends, therefore, especially in Europe and the Far East this Easter I want to assure them that these days of world struggle, although challenging, have given me something very real and vital. That something has called for a revaluation and rededication in my life, which will hold me even more firmly in your fellowship, a fellowship guided by prayer, a fellowship challenging me to study both to learn and do the will of God, and a fellowship of Faith, that implicit trust in the God to Whom I am committed.

THE EDITOR'S TRAVEL DIARY

In the last issue of THE STUDENT WORLD I made use of the far more exciting travels of our Treasurer, and of a Swiss visitor, for this section of our journal. Now I am thrown back on my own resources and have to make up a diary for several months. Of course I cannot rival Roland Elliott's exploits by plane, but in travelling from Toronto to Austin, Texas, I covered two and a half times the distance of Olivier Béguin's trip from Geneva to Budapest! And in reaching the confines of Canada at Halifax I had tantalisingly accomplished a third of the voyage home to Scotland! Of course the period has been by no means all travel, though seldom has there been a fortnight in my Canadian office without a sally to such places as Northampton (Mass.) or London (Ont.) or Cambridge (Mass.)! Shall I ever get used to familiar names in unfamiliar settings?

The South West

In November I set out to discover the "atom". This was not a purely scientific task, though I did spend a weekend with the founder of a famous school of mining. Arkansas, Texas, Oklahoma and Missouri are the components of this ridiculously misnamed block of Christian Association territory! Of Arkansas I still know nothing beyond its pronunciation, though that is one pitfall avoided; but the other three states held already pleasant memories. Oklahoma has its mystery of "sooners" and "boomers", the folk who started before and after the signal sounded for a rush into newly-opened Indian territory. Two aristocracies have thus been created, depending upon the astuteness, or moral worth of your grandfather; obviously the marriage of a "sooner" with a "boomer" has produced the perfect Oklahoman type! The sweeping beauty of rolling country with patches of woodland gave me a feeling of exhilaration, which might have been due to the leaping of the Greyhound bus. But the red roads of vast Oklahoma were so reminiscent of the red roads of Lanarkshire that I felt very much at home. Texas cast its spell on me three years ago; and, so long as the Texan flag flies serene above the Capitol at Austin, American patriotism will never become wholly standardised. Missouri is where the startled traveller from the

North meets first the curious public social habits of the South, and is in a perpetual stew at railroad stations lest he miss the stern notice reading "white" or "colored". Yet it was in Missouri that the students of a small campus took me naturally to meet the gardener, and as I told him about the World's Student Christian Federation, the expression on his dark expressive face was one of a deep comprehension, not always found on superior academic countenances.

Everywhere in the United States I am taken too seriously! But in the great educational institutions of the South West I was horrified to find myself a qualified lecturer to language classes, and history classes, on Europe and Latin America! The one factor which redeemed this travesty of international education was the eagerness with which students picked up information about their contemporaries throughout the world. And there are situations in the South West which made the difficulties of Christian groups in other parts of the world understandable. You may live in an atmosphere of milk shakes, and "dates", and football "cheering", but you may also do battle with the forces of social and moral obscurantism at every turn. It is not only in Europe that students may find themselves taking the side of a professor, whose interpretation they respect, against iniquitous pressures from high places.

The very existence of magnificent university campuses in the wide spaces of the South West is an evidence of the warfare of the things of the mind against the ever-encroaching standards of material success. As I saw over a Tudor library and looked out of the mulioned windows to the great prairies I felt the thrill of a civilisation which Shakespeare never knew, but which he continues to influence; as I stepped out of an elevator on the twentieth story of a university tower into the sanctum of the professor of classics with the familiar orange backs of definitive editions on his shelves, it was not only the air of Texas, but the air out of Attica, which I breathed. But this is not to say that the students have entered fully into their inheritance, or understood its meaning. Indeed the "frontier" situation has made it difficult for them to understand the crisis of civilisation. The achievements of their fathers in the wilderness have strangely blinded them to the issues at stake in Europe and the Far East. (Of course this was before "Pearl Harbour", but that tragic incident has been more a convenience for the agents of publicity than a significant event for the minds of younger Americans.) Wrongly, because in desperation, I once suggested to a group of students that they were cynical, and was justly rebuked. But the difficulty of finding a common interpretation of events, even within the Christian understanding of life, is very great. It is not cynicism but romanticism. The Federation itself is more a romance than a reality to

American students. They find it incredibly hard to face the world as it is. Perhaps the only romantics left in all the world are on the American campuses.

Christian Democracy

After Christmas came two conferences, at which I spent three days apiece, and found them more exhausting than a month of travel! The Canadians celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the existence of the S.C.M., since Y.M. and Y.W. days, and met fittingly in the upland town of Aurora. The United States meeting was the Assembly of the National Inter-Collegiate Christian Council, which took place at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. To begin with the first half of one conference, and end with the second half of another is to turn into a parti-coloured clown; when all is over you are asking what it has been about. The thread was obviously Christian democracy, but where it went to, or came from, was hidden from me!

The Canadian S.C.M. has a robust tradition of friendly conflict, and this has created a fellowship of distinctive character and vigorous life. Everyone at the conference suggested that the Movement had not done what it should have done, and everyone defended it tenaciously from criticism; that is a sign of great health in the body politic. The failure of Christian authority in general to approve of it has made it less conventional than the British Movement, which it most nearly resembles. But the sense of being up against it on some questions has tended to make it dogmatic about secondary things. At the conference what seemed to be a discussion between politics and theology was perhaps in reality a discussion on the work and influence of a student Christian movement. There were those who said, "We know about the Gospel. Let us use our knowledge in opposing fascism and building democracy." There were others who said, "The Gospel is very important. Let us try to understand it and commit ourselves to it." The issue was sharpened by the obvious intellectual conflict between graduates and students, who were represented in equal numbers. There were very keen students in the leadership, and I felt they knew what they were after. They made plans for more effective study and wider witness in the university. The graduates were at the point of forming themselves into a more closely related fellowship, and that may be a big thing for the Movement and for Canada; but the judgment of recent graduates about the task of a student movement is apt to be just off the point. Students themselves, and, if they will listen to them, the old and wise can guide it best. There were some grey heads at Aurora (though you can't be very grey after twenty-one years in the world!) and I

thought their trust and patience while extreme positions were attacked and defended, matched that of the freshers, as they sat round-eyed at the back of the hall.

The National Assembly in the States was pandemonium to the incomer. One or two good friends amongst the staff piloted me around, and by going to bed just as the best debates were beginning I managed to rise in time to lead the morning worship. My confusion was due partly to the factor of pace, and partly to the factor of method. This was a "town meeting" about the Christian faith, and the Christian programme. Everyone should have a chance to speak, who wanted, whether he or she had anything to say or not. Microphones dotted the hall, and students leapt to them like tigers to their prey. The never ending amazement to me was the good speeches they made. Give an American student half an idea, whether a dead or a live one, and he will make a most convincing utterance in its defence! Sometimes from the gallery I wanted to cheer, sometimes to weep, sometimes to throw my boots into the arena; it was impossible to be bored. Something was happening. Democracy was in labour, and would bring forth—what? I could scarcely bear to think.

Then suddenly I found a quite surprising respect for so-called parliamentary procedure. Common sense on the part of hundreds of delegates, many of whom had never spoken, began to assert itself. Steadily it shaped the thought of the assembly, and documents, prepared in a fever in the small hours of the morning, began to take the shape of considered and creative pronouncements. The delegates knew better what they did not want, than what they wanted. But that is a good place to begin. Doctrinaire politicians, and perfectionist moralists could not sway them. They were trying to be an assembly, not just of student associations, but of God, and they knew His presence. As we left the hall at midnight after a strange succession of final voting, closing speeches, singsong, and communion service, I felt there was power here which might dissipate into nonsense but which might also be the vehicle of God's redemptive purpose for the colleges of the U.S.A.

The Maritimes

In the latter half of January I visited the University of New Brunswick, and Mount Allison University in the Province of New Brunswick, Acadia and Dalhousie Universities in Nova Scotia, and Prince of Wales College on Prince Edward Island. How often I had heard of the Maritimes! Now I was to discover their beauty. I shall not forget the great white stretches of snow running back from the railway line into the tangled, secret woods, with the clear footprints of animal or bird adding to the sense of remoteness.

Then there was the old ferry-boat forging its way through cracks in the ice across the straits to "the island". Dr. Mott began his travels for the Federation fifty years ago, following the same trail, and it has lost nothing of its charm.

For me there was an added interest in the presence of so many young fellow-countrymen in training camps. Church choirs composed of English airmen, bringing, as a minister's wife told me, their accustomed reverence into the House of God, and thus adding to the sense of worship; an old member of the British S.C.M. withdrawn from the Navy to help in building ships, and co-operating naturally with the minister in building men; a shipwrecked company of soldiers who had left a good name, and written since that they would return when the war was over—such pieces of evidence reminded me that amidst all the ugly degrading accompaniments of mobilisation the Church may strengthen its fellowship. I spoke at scarcely any meeting without some men in uniform being present; once I had a good talk with a Canadian army chaplain, once I met a Norwegian chaplain and old S.C.M. member in the train. I realised again what we so often forget, that the thinking we try to do in the Federation is relevant to a far wider company of men. After all, there are more students in the forces and prison camps today than in the universities. But these reflections were given final focus when an ordinary seaman in the New Zealand navy came up to me at the end of an evening service, and showed me his Federation cross. I thought of the discussion at Zeist in 1932 when the German Movement offered us its splendid symbol. It was the most natural encounter at a time when you may meet anyone anywhere, but it indicates the kind of opportunity which we must by no means let slip.

Of course there was the grim side. War-time conditions knock the glamour out of ships and give them a solemn grandeur in exchange. To find seamen of a dozen nations crowded in a Sailors' Home, and know that many of them had lost their ships from under them, and their comrades with the ships, was to be faced with the price paid for the carrying of this journal of ours furth of Canada. It is salutary to remember that our communications with one another depend upon the lives of men; perhaps it may teach us to depend upon the traffic of prayer which is so much more difficult for us, and so much more valuable for our friends. As I looked out over the harbour and saw a tough little freighter put out to sea, there came over me a sudden rush of pride in the cousin commanding his cruiser who might shelter it, en route, and the uncle in charge of the grey river who would find a berth for it, when it won home.

But I have said nothing of the students in the Maritimes! Suffice it to say that I had some of the best discussions with them

that have come my way. Perhaps they were a good deal unconscious of the setting I have described above. It is hard to see outside the little world of college, but there was a longing, perhaps largely inarticulate, for the certain things against the background of future uncertainty. I saw how out of this simpler background had come the leaders of many sides of the American continent's life, and I felt that the years ahead would still contain their quota. Above all, I felt I was in something like a nation again! Nova Scotia does not belie its name. New Brunswick still has an eighteenth century reality breaking through. Students feel they belong to the Maritimes, and therefore a fire at Mount Allison University before Christmas, involving tragic loss of life, was their sorrow and responsibility. It did not seem strange to be asked if I was going on to New England, or "back to Canada". This was the kind of loyalty which can bear infinite extension, but must hold to its roots. In the light of it the World's Student Christian Federation was better understood than in some larger centres.

Community of Spirit

Over the weekend following the Universal Day of Prayer for Students there took place at Poughkeepsie, New York, a Federation Consultative Meeting, which came as a real answer to the prayers of many that the W.S.C.F. should see more clearly its task in the world today. There were about forty of us, and we represented directly nine national movements. By letter and cable the group had been confirmed in selection, so that, although this was not an official executive of the Federation, the three officers present were conscious that the personnel could only have been improved by additions. In particular we missed T. Z. Koo, who had originally planned to be present. But the visit of our Treasurer, Roland Elliott, to Europe gave the discussion its most significant impetus. He was able not only to speak of what he had seen and heard in Portugal, Spain, France and Switzerland, but in some measure to interpret the thinking of European leaders, such as our chairman, W. A. Visser 't Hooft, and Suzanne de Dietrich. Roland Elliott's report from Europe, and letters he had brought back about the situations of the Dutch and French movements, provided the setting in which French, German and Czech members could make their fullest contribution. The absence of T. Z. Koo and the inability of two Japanese members to attend, affected our total picture adversely, but two Chinese, and an Indian delegate, together with a representative of Thailand, made us conscious of the Far East, if for a moment we could have forgotten it. One of the most stimulating features was the presence of two English medical students. Indeed an analysis of the discussion shows that North Americans by no means occupied the floor, though

their carefully selected group largely gave the meeting its constructive character. The Canadians did most of the drafting, and therefore had the best notion of what it was all about!

The message which is printed in this issue speaks powerfully for itself, but the comment of a delegate on its preparation is worth recording: "It was very strenuous work, and a terrible responsibility, to speak for these others who cannot speak for themselves. . . . We on this continent just haven't got the nerve to say that to students in Czechoslovakia or France or Germany or China unless we believe in a very real and very strong community of spirit." That very strong community of spirit was much in evidence, and as we worshipped together we knew it to be the Holy Spirit. It is surely only in relation to that community that all the talk about democracy has meaning for Christians.

It is astonishingly difficult to convey an impression of a meeting of this character. It is hoped that future issues of THE STUDENT WORLD will not merely contain still more interesting material, but will become the channel of a common piece of thinking on our relation as Christians, and as Christian movements, to the living issues of the day. Two discoveries seemed to me to be directly helpful to our undertaking of this essential task as a Federation. The first was that in the "international civil war" of our day, fought on so many fronts on such varying issues, we were not conscious of a division between sides so far as the Federation was concerned, but of a contrast between those who suffer, and those who as yet have escaped the full onset of that suffering, a contrast which need not constitute a division if our Christian fellowship be a reality. The message from the meeting admirably expresses this truth. The second discovery was made by the editor, who was in the chair for most of the time, namely that this particular group could not, or would not, make a dividing line between the war and the new order. Only as we understood the crisis of the present day could we have anything to say about the future. Post-war plans seemed a mockery when our contemporaries were in the thick of the struggle, but an understanding of what we stood for now, and would continue to stand for, whatever happens, seemed essential. We found ourselves faced not so much with questions we might make some shot at answering, but with dilemmas rooted in the agonising situations of our members and movements, for which we had no easy solutions, but which we were convinced we must face together.

The proof of this particular pudding will be in the fare provided in future issues of THE STUDENT WORLD. The Editor does not crave your indulgence, but your active participation in study and comment.

R. C. M.

THE STUDENT WORLD CHRONICLE

A Treasure Out of Common Experience

An account of a period of internment written by a leader of the Russian S.C.M. in Emigration

During the months of July, August and September, I found myself in very special circumstances, which nevertheless allowed me to continue my work, although in unexpected forms. The community in which I was placed was composed of intellectuals (priests, professors, artists, lawyers, generals and other officers, doctors), as well as of peasants and farmers. Their ages were anything from fifteen to seventy-five. Here was a very favourable field for missionary work, particularly as I was not alone in undertaking it from the religious end.

From the first day of our coming together the priests organised daily religious services (morning and evening), which were a great comfort to us. Since the Metropolitan had sent us the communion cups and vessels, and the priestly robes, a real church and parish came into being. Some painters who shared our fate made an *iconostasis* in the Byzantine style, while amateur carpenters (the first of them a priest) got together all that was required for a service, even, for example, carving out with a pocket knife a table for the consecration of the wine, oil and bread, so that our church could do honour to any suburban parish of Paris.

The daily services were attended by not more than ten, while on Saturdays and Sundays the congregation swelled to fifty or a hundred. But this very modest number of communicants increased every week.

From the beginning our parish council attempted methods of approach to those who seemed to take no interest in religion. The lectures, sermons and private conversations which we tried, had no result whatever. Then an attempt at approach was made through helping those who were in material distress. Friends in Paris sent us provisions, which were distributed through the agency of the church to those who had no families, and thus received no parcels. Our priest, who had great gifts for social work, quickly conquered all hearts, and in this way our church became a living centre for the entire colony.

In all this work I played the humble rôle of a parishioner on whom our clergy could rely in all their enterprises; I was also a member of the parish council, assistant to the lay administrator of the parish, and treasurer of our church. Our funds consisted of four chests (current expenses, family aid, aid for those who left us without money, and specific sums), and amounted to ten thousand francs.

In the church itself we organised lectures, among them one by myself on "Our Destiny" as anticipation and symbol of death, paradise and hell.

The second department of our work was our University. The teachers who were among us organised series of lectures on astronomy, mathematics, biology, history, law, etc. I gave a series on the philosophy of Dostoevsky, and this gave me the opportunity for a considerable piece of missionary work, addressed to the intellectuals (among whom were a good many atheists). After that I had also the opportunity to deliver several lectures on ethics, the theory of knowledge, etc. The evenings were devoted to reminiscences and impressions. I spoke several times about ecumenical work, on the journeyings of our choir, etc., and I had the joy of seeing responsible people change their attitude to the Christian West.

As I had plenty of free time, I was able to put into writing a work which I had been planning for some years, and the first chapter is now in the press. The subject of the monograph is "Christian Logic and Dogma".

As our society was fairly well mixed, the directors collected all the young people in one room, and I was appointed "chief". This was an easy and agreeable task, as the young people I was asked to supervise were well-educated and cultivated, and we have continued friends to this day.

Work of an entirely private nature in religio-philosophic and philologic groups was a great joy to me, and a great comfort in the monotony of our life.

The whole episode was a great experience, and, although not easy to bear at the time, I am glad to have had it. Many new friendships, and in particular a new type of human relationship among men of different kinds, who in other circumstances would certainly have been hostile to one another, combined to make a treasure out of this common experience, which we are trying to preserve in the normal conditions to which we have returned.

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When I returned to Paris, I resumed all my activities. At the Institut de Théologie I found Professor A. absent, and I undertook his course on Canon Law—which makes immense demands upon me. Now that first course is constituted, I am lecturing on

the History of Ancient Philosophy. These courses are completed by a seminar on Cosmological Sophiology (for advanced students). Then I have undertaken a course on Philosophy (Logic and Moral Philosophy) in the Russian high school. This work is considered by my friends as a piece of work for the Movement, as this school is the chief reservoir for our youth, and has been until now an impregnable fortress to all our influences. The classes in Philosophy thus open up great possibilities. Perhaps this invitation to me is due to the fact that the Principal spent these three months under the same conditions with me.

We are also hoping to continue the work of study groups which we carried on last year, although this is not easy in the present circumstances.

At the end of the year I shall write a general résumé of what has occurred in 1941, which is more comforting than one could have hoped.

L. Z.

Learning to Love

These notes from a transcript of an address given by T. Z. Koo in Sydney and Melbourne, and taken from the Australian Intercollegian, November 1941, will have deep meaning for his countless friends, as they think of him today.

When you think of human relations they seem very complicated. But you can separate conduct in the social fields into certain very clear strata—three different planes of conduct:

First there is the Jungle Law. That is to say, grab what you can from the other man. When a primitive man wants a wife he takes his club and goes to get her, whether she likes it or not. When you look at the international situation, you can see that it is the Jungle Law that prevails.

Secondly there is the plane of Ethical Justice. This is a law which is set out in a code and you are supposed to obey it. Like the old law, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. When you take two eyes for one that you have lost, then it is the Jungle Law operating; but if you take one eye, then you act according to Ethical Justice. Confucius puts this law rather differently. He says, meet goodwill with goodwill. Meet your enemies with Justice. That is not an easy plane to live on all the time, but it is still not the highest.

The third plane of conduct is the spiritual plane of Love. Jesus says, you should love those who are your enemies. That is the hardest thing of all to do. But it is only when you come to this third plane that you have something creative—that you have the power to redeem life.

Somehow in our human relationships we must learn to love. To love means firstly forgiveness, and secondly, that the interest of other people must be accepted as my interest, too. When we do that we will be living on the spiritual plane of Love. But until we give ourselves to Jesus and learn what love is, we will never live on this plane.

For instance, as a Chinese I have often felt in the last four years how I would like to push Japan's islands under the sea and hold them there. But then I think of Jesus, and then Jesus and I look at Japan together, and we love her as something that has worth and value after all.

It is when you have a kind of reaction between the objective love of Jesus and your subjective power for love together, that you have the power to redeem men.

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When you are caught in a world of conflict you almost unconsciously lose your integrity as a person and as a moral being. When you lose your integrity you cease to have any influence. We say that we want a just peace; unless there are people in the world even while war is going on who are laying the foundations of the peace we want, that peace will not come. As Christians we must discipline ourselves so as to make a constructive contribution to our countries. It is our duty to see and face the situation clearly, and not to yield to the temptations of biased and wishful thinking. If we can maintain that kind of integrity in our life, I know from personal experience that the seed of hatred somehow goes out of life.

Very often in these modern days we speak and think of the things that we can see and touch as the things of reality. When you have to fall back on these, your life is really bankrupt. In wartime, whether we actually face destruction and death or not, we are sometimes driven back and back to the last rampart of faith. When so tested, we sometimes discover that our faith is not very reliable. I think for example of the sense of utter

physical helplessness that one experiences during an air-raid. But something may then come out of one's religion, and the experience described in the twenty-third Psalm—"Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me"—may become ours. After such an experience, we desire to follow Christ more truly than ever before. The reality of faith becomes evident. Many people will suffer and be distressed because of present conditions, but if this kind of faith becomes theirs, then the hand of God will be seen even in this kind of confusion, conflict and suffering.

T. Z. Koo.

The Federation and Christian Responsibility

(A document prepared by a group at the Consultative Meeting of Officers of the Federation, held at Poughkeepsie, New York, February, 1942)

Introduction

Students in nearly all countries are drawn from the middle classes and other privileged groups in the community. The life of the universities is on the whole isolated from the ordinary life about them. In most countries students have been disillusioned in their post-war idealism by political developments, and hence are sceptical of, and apathetic towards, political activity. Those who have not been absorbed by contemporary mass-movements are self-preoccupied and have lost all sense of stewardship of their talents and possessions. The average student has never heard of the W.S.C.F., and even those who have heard one of its leaders speaking often do not connect him with the Federation. Some who know the Federation internationally regard it as a panacea for the world's ills without realising how pitifully small it is in reality!

Problem

We must therefore consider the question of how the W.S.C.F. can become a dynamic reality in the life of students, contributing to the development of a sense of moral and religious responsibility in students, which is related to the ongoing life of the community in such fields as politics, economics and evangelism, etc.

Criteria for the reality of a local unit's apprehension of the Federation

The Federation is nothing apart from local units, for the Federation becomes manifest in the world only in so far as the activity of local groups is a conscious expression of their membership in a world community of Christian students. Any presentation of the Federation as equivalent to the General Secretary, or the Officers, or the General Committee is as false as an equation of the Church with the clergy. Real membership in the Federation implies:

1) That students will be prepared to recognise *humbly* the limitations of their own cultural, racial, educational and national view-points, and seek to learn from the experiences of students in movements other than their own (e.g. North American students from the Dutch and French).

2) That students will consciously identify themselves with those who are working for a new world order in harmony with the mind of Christ.

3) That students will discipline themselves, and take on definite sacrifices, in order to deepen and extend the things for which the Federation stands.

4) That in choosing a vocation students will see the whole world as their field of choice.

Thus four marks of the Federation are 1) humility, 2) solidarity, 3) sacrifice, 4) world-outlook.

It is obvious that if any of these marks are to be present, the life of the local unit must be undergirded by a vital experience of the meaning of the Christian faith as disclosed to us in Bible study and worship. Conversely, a conscious effort to make the Federation real in one's life inevitably leads to a strengthening of one's apprehension of Christianity. Certainly the Federation will become real only where a conscious effort to make it so is undertaken.

Practical Suggestions

1) *Student Relief* should be seen as one of the best expressions of the Federation. It is not good enough in presenting the need for student relief, especially to Christian students, merely to play upon their heart-strings. It should be seen as an opportunity for concrete action and sacrifice for the establishment of world community.

2) The experience of *foreign students* and of refugees, whether students or not, should be drawn upon to make vivid the reality of world community. Local groups should seek out foreign students on the campus, through the college registrar. Conferences with a

large percentage of foreign students could profitably be held. Help of all kinds, especially in finding summer employment, should be extended to refugees. Exchange of lessons in language might be arranged.

3) The programmes of all *significant conferences* should contain references to and interpretations of the Federation. This can be done not only by platform addresses. Dramatic sketches portraying the life of a movement in a different country could be staged. Hymns and prayers from different traditions should be used and attention drawn to their source.

4) Special short conferences might be held to train students in the meaning of the Federation, so that they could go out in *deputations* to churches and the community.

5) Mission Boards should be requested to make available for student use those *returned missionaries* who are especially qualified to present the world view of Christianity to students. Local units should be informed of the names of available missionaries and instructed in their proper use.

6) More thought must be put into the preparation and use of adequate *Federation literature*: a) Each local unit should subscribe to Federation literature and a committee should be responsible for gleaning and circulating the items from the News Sheet which would be of special interest in the local campus. b) Literature should be produced nationally or regionally for the use of deputations. c) Use should be made of literature of other agencies (e.g. "A Christian Imperative"—Roswell Barnes).

7) All students must be faced with the challenge to undertake a job in life as a Christian vocation, whether it be as an engineer, doctor, or clergyman, in politics, government or social work, etc.; everyone must face the fact that the whole world is the Christian's field. Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the necessity of Christians consciously criticising any task which falls into their hands, or which they undertake, as to whether or not it forms an adequate expression of their Christian responsibility in the world.

8) Though we may engage in a variety of vocations we are all citizens. As such we all have political responsibilities. Surely the events of the last decades force the Federation again to call the members of all affiliated movements to a re-examination of the meaning of citizenship in their particular country today.

9) The accomplishment of group tasks provides the deepest satisfaction and strongest encouragement, e.g., work camps.

JOHN COLEMAN.

The Call of the Hour

A Challenge to the French S.C.M.

"The S.C.M.—a poor little minority in the student world," we sometimes say. And why so? Should we not have as past or present members all who count in the Church as intellectual workers?—Wait a moment! The essential thing is not a mighty army but a loyal nucleus. We who are "student movers" of today or yesterday, who have as a special trust in the Church the work of thought, do not say, when the Church slumbers: "The Church is unfaithful", but first "The S.C.M. is unfaithful" and then, "I, a member of the S.C.M., am unfaithful". If we who are on guard let our eyes grow heavy with sleep, who shall be trusted to watch? An arm is given us: thought. A field is entrusted to us: our special subject. We must see to it that we do not fail in that trust.

But perhaps not only goodwill but agony possesses our spirit and we are still seeking our own path. How happy are those who have received a clear call from God, and who know why they are students of literature or of law, or why they are going to be engineers or doctors! We are not all at that stage. And yet we may all know what God is expecting from us in the special line we have chosen or are about to choose, even if the choice is partly imposed by circumstances. Our first task is to look for the direction of our work, and to find a vocation in it. Each one of us has a place in the Church of Jesus Christ, an active and indispensable place, demanding loyalty and consecration. In seeking his own place he must find out which places are unfilled. He must listen to the call, which comes from empty fields. Would it not be a great help if each one of those who is already sure of his direction should tell the others why he has chosen such and such an occupation, and in response to what needs?

If he has already embarked upon some branch of intellectual specialisation it is his place to make that specialisation effective. No doubt you will say: "But one does not have a call to be a student. It is surely only a question of the attitude we adopt as Christians in the University." But is not this precisely a large part of our Christian vocation as members of the S.C.M., to be in the University as people who have repented, who believe and are justified; in a word, to be students in so far as we are Christians. Think of the subjects we have to study. Culture and Science are human realities which have some relation to Creation. On them as on all other realities there lies a condemnation and a promise. The Christian student is called to live in a world dominated by humanism, that

tendency of man to make of culture and science the ends of life; and in this world, while taking his task seriously, just because he takes it seriously, he is called to "discern spirits" and to proclaim that "no man can serve two masters". For the Christian student to study seriously, to "be" where God wishes him to be for the present, is at the outset to rediscover the Christian direction of the discipline he adopts.

Perhaps you will say: "We know all that. The question is to come to the practical realisation of it all; that is the difficulty."

Why are you waiting, you French members of the S.C.M. who are studying together, to count your numbers, to get to know each other, to form a specialist group in your own University and correspond with your fellows elsewhere? Each group should ask itself: What problems are we students of philosophy or agriculture, or law or medicine, future teachers or employers of labour, going to meet tomorrow, which we shall have to solve in loyalty to God's will? What are the problems which the Church must face from now on, and which we are in the most favourable position to study, with our special training?

Student of philosophy! work with all the data of the problem at the question of metaphysical suffering, of mental illness, of psycho-analysis. Think of the responsibility represented by a philosophy class which is really concerned, and before you express yourself, and with a view to what you have to say, rethink your philosophy with all your faith.

Student of literature! perhaps you are asking yourself what authority to allow to human reason and how much resistance to offer it? Stand, in your Christian character, before the heroes of literature. Read any of the classic works of literature as a man saved by Jesus Christ and by Him alone, and your literary judgment will be renewed as it gains strength.

Student of law! look for the Christian validity of law, set justice in the scale of values. How many questions suggest themselves! What does the Bible say of the relation between law and property, of the economic organisation of the world, of the war and international law, of the place of personality?

Student of medicine! you have not chosen this career without asking yourself what does medicine mean in the world and in the gospel. Can a Christian be a doctor? Deepen your knowledge of human sin by bending over the suffering of your brothers in the hospital. Above all love enough and think enough to avoid growing rusty.

And as for you, student of science! you above all, who are able to detect all that vibrates with life, what a privilege you have in being able to look into the future of living things! Share with

us your fellow members of other faculties, who often go astray in our theories, the direction of this future. Can you perhaps show us what life has to offer? Yes, offer your biological knowledge in the hope of the coming of the Kingdom of God, offer the Lord of earth and heaven this creation He is yearning after.

Finally, you theological student and member of the S.C.M.!—if you also have your field of work, think in your group with and for the others. No domain should be alien to Christians, not even to theologicals. Try not to forget this at a time of theological awakening which might without such awakening be immediately blotted out.

So let us all together, each in our own special line, set to work without fear of reaching reality. But let us see that our zeal takes account of all who have gone before. It is less likely then to be a fire of straw. Let us get into relation with existing organisations, whether they be Christian or not, which are studying the same questions.

There are already several groups which wish to study the question of the vocation of a University in the light of the Christian Gospel, and also to undertake on parallel lines a more concrete work of professional development through specialised groups.

We should like to know what our readers think. We reflect with deep distress on the crisis facing lay vocations in the Church. We look, without finding many, for Christian doctors, jurists, teachers, or philosophers, who, in their own place and domain, are striving to continue in submission to God's revelation, and we ask if the time is not come for the S.C.M. to give them to the Church and to the country.

H. FRIEDEL.

P. ANDRÉ.

In Bermondsey

An account of the service of seven Scottish theological students in the East End of London, taken from The Coracle, the publication of the Iona Community, October 1941.

Dr. Macleod had visited London in the spring to conduct quiet days for social workers, and in two settlements they had said they would welcome help: previously some reserved students had asked him if he knew of any jobs for them, during their long vacation, in blitzed areas. The outcome was that seven of us went south at the beginning of July: four to Bermondsey (three to Time and Talents Settlement and one to Queen's House), and three to Lambeth to the Lady Margaret Hall Settlement.

T. and T. is in the midst of narrow streets, crowded houses, factories, wharves and everywhere bomb debris: it provides every conceivable kind of assistance and entertainment for all ages. When the blitzes came all that could be was carried on, but the same helpers, among many other things, ran rest centres and fed hundreds with literally nothing in hand—save the will to help—and they succeeded.

After two months free from air-raids we came down. The Bermondsey Shelter Council was running an ambitious entertainments programme to take people out of doors during the fine weather. Within a few minutes of arriving we were assisting at the open-air theatre; then there was the Polish concert party, the cookery and town-planning exhibitions, the local talent competition: all required posters and organisation and endless moving of chairs.

Every day there was the hectic hour and a half serving at the communal feeding centre. Most nights there were clubs; then week-end camps, and one where Douglas and Jim waged ceaseless battle in a country house against their boys' twin aims of destruction and noise.

Queen's House, down on the river, had wharf sheds and pubs as neighbours. Every afternoon and evening in the week the house bulged with humanity and resounded with yells. In the morning David would be busy repairing, painting or preparing for the next invasion. Then there was that week-end along with Alan's hordes at the posh girls' school: the long discussions when the mob were asleep.

At the Lady Margaret Hall Settlement there was every kind of activity: among them girls' clubs, church and social work, shelter libraries and general help—most ladies being skilled in the best methods of stopping shelter fights between drunks.

For a week-end life seemed a picnic, but soon a never-ending rush: debris removal in dustbins, floors to be scrubbed (housemaid's knee and all that); blitzed churches to be patched and swept—London's dust today coats everything. There was the play in the Settlement garden, chairs and audience arriving on top of one another. The boys' club evenings with gym under difficulties, and long arguments about Fate and Faith (hardly distinguishable in Cockney).

Then there were the nights' activities: Angus in the A.R.P. post telling stories of the far western isles, listening to those of "our biggest bomb", and out on the prowl for bad black-outs. George "sleeping" on the Elephant and Castle platform, meeting their lively and, when at its best, really democratic committee. John going his shelter crawl; the welfare committees—gossip corner in the subway, listening to the moonlight sonata in a trench shelter, the friendly children, where once a brick had been thrown at a visitor.

All seven of us met twice a week to discuss every kind of subject: boys' clubs, church reformation, income-sharing, etc. And some met to pray with and for the community every morning.

* * *

What of it all? We had signed on about the end of April, when London had its worst blitzes—we had imagined ourselves playing heroic parts. But we heard only one alarm in two and a half months. Instead of helping we were helped—by the mother of a family, completely bombed out, who would not use her compensation forms. . . . "The Government have enough on hand and will have after the war"; by the shelter warden quietly looking after 250 people each night, and prepared, still on his own, for 2,500; by the settlement workers, hopelessly understaffed, yet cheerfully facing ever new commitments. Though it was a time of plodding on rather than of thrilling excitement, we were helped to a new appreciation of the human spirit, which can rise above the mad destruction that is trying to break it. For this experience, rather different from our expectations, we are each in his own way grateful: to the people of London and the many friends we made there, and to the ladies who put us up and put up with us—in particular to Miss Bois, warden of Time and Talents Settlement, and to Miss Cameron, warden of Lady Margaret Hall Settlement.

JOHN S. SUMMERS.

Christmas in Shapingba

I suppose we started with the Concert at National Central University—if you except the rehearsals which had been going on for months, and the Christmas sermon of Y. T. Wu on the Sunday before. At any rate, let us start with our concert, put on by the Y. in our refugee university here (one of the greatest in China). There is one piano in Shapingba, and it moved around a lot. There is no concert hall—we used a newly built mud and wattle hall, which is due to become a windtunnel for the aeronautical engineering department, and six hundred and more people crammed themselves into it. We began with carols, prayers, and a brilliant ten-minute speech on "The Meaning of Christmas" from Dr. H. Y. Chang, Editor of *The Christian Farmer*, who was in Shapingba for a few days with Victor Hayward with the *Youth and Religion*

Movement. And so to the concert—which included a noble effort at the Hallelujah Chorus, and ended brilliantly with a kind of transformation scene from the pantomime. But we don't adhere too rigidly to the categories here; we also had towards the beginning a very well designed and executed tableau of the Stable at Bethlehem.

About thirty hardy spirits sat up all night. John and I went to bed, and got up at 3.00 a.m. (John Te Winkel was here for Christmas, on vacation from Dr. Jimmy Y. C. Yen's Mass Education Movement College of Rural Reconstruction.) We joined the hardy thirty: some looked blotto, and others quite bright—they faded later. The room looked indescribably "morning after", for the room of two respected Christian students entertaining thirty others. Then off on a three-hour carol-singing tour, calling on my host, who had been laughing heartily at our getting up, and a professor of Agriculture, who fed us lavishly with rice porridge, and Dr. Chang, who behaved beautifully when aroused at 5.30, as well as the various schools here. So back to the centre for more rice, and a short service led by Victor Hayward, and a Communion Service.

After that most people slept—except these unfortunates who had 8 a.m. lectures. For lunch John and Victor and I went to a colossal meal at Rockwood Chin's (Yale Ph.D. and mercifully an English-speaking group!). More carol-singing; and then away to get ready for the next party. This time it was at the Normal College. I had not been there before, and was fascinated by seeing another similarity between Chinese and English educational life. The difference between the Normal College and Central University was identical with the difference between an English training college and university. The Normal College had all the gallant improvisation out of inadequate resources: especially of time and experience, and the same lack of snooty pride. They put on a play "The Fourth King", in which they had been trained by my colleague Huang Pei-yung. After the play, and a bit of speechifying (including another one by Dr. Chang on Christmas), we had the gift-exchange which is an almost universal feature of student Christmas gatherings here. I drew a package of magazines, including some of the propaganda put out by the British Embassy in Chungking. . . . John Te Winkel got a large packet, which he didn't open that night, and we forgot all about. I opened it the other day—a cake of Lifebuoy soap, which is now an article of some value. And so home again.

The concert was repeated on the Saturday at another auditorium, that of Chungking University, which again was full. There is a student population here of about six thousand; and very little other music at all. For some odd reason it so happens that almost

all the musical people in National Central are in the Y. So our concerts flourish, and gain us much face. But "face" has little to do with Christmas, though it is admittedly useful at other times.

Finally on Sunday our own domestic party, of the inter-school Christian fellowship, at the Student Centre, and considered as a party the best value of the lot. For me the highspots were the present exchange and a game of Consequences. I failed to notice that my original paper had come back to me and on the third round wrote "Hell". The completed document read: "David Paton, aged eighty. In Hell, as President." The gift exchange was quite brilliantly done by Ai Kou-yen, who was dressed up as Father Christmas and did some brilliant patter as a foreigner with imperfect Chinese—Chinese indeed which sounded so much like "Language School Chinese" that I doubted if it was a Chinese speaking. The actual exchanges were also comic—Miss Yu Shih-fan, our student Y.W. Secretary, received the razor-blade given by Victor Hayward, and Victor received a selection of religious books thoughtfully chosen by Huang Pei-yung for a Christian student, young in the faith.

So much for the external events, seen by a rather sleepy foreigner. To say anything of the internal impressions is more difficult. It is difficult indeed to say what the vast non-Christian majority makes of Christmas. (I have seen in Peking a little Father Christmas on a cross, to be used as a Christmas Tree decoration.) It is a more important event for them than it used to be, for, since the Generalissimo was released from Sian on Christmas Day, 1936, it has also become a "Festival of National Revival". In Shapingba it is undoubtedly the best chance the Christian groups have of saying anything to their non-Christian schoolmates. It is not easy to collect six hundred people. Through Dr. Chang, and perhaps still more through tableau and pageant, and through the singing of carols, some impression is made—though it would be a lot too much to expect it to be either very deep or very clear. Perhaps that is all one can expect. Where we were weaker perhaps was in grasping the meaning of Christmas for ourselves—we were too busy, perhaps, and too tired. Yet we who worked and sang most—perhaps in us the message of the King sank deepest. In any case, we said our prayers and remembered our Lord with thanksgiving and praise, however unworthily; and a lot of people (ourselves included) had a good time of a natural and spontaneous kind. (I write on the day of the first air alarm of the Chungking season; and prices went up a whole lot a week or two ago.) That is much; and, as I say, I trust a good deal in the power of *Stille Nacht* and the herald angels, for others and for myself.

DAVID PATON.

Reconstruction and Restoration

The British S.C.M. not only keeps the Universal Day of Prayer for Students, but calls the preceding week Federation Week, and raises money from students for the W.S.C.F. and international purposes. This is the leaflet for 1942, minus the excellent photographs!

XGA1603/CJ ANDUZE 8 30 1150—

GREER INDEFESSUS GOLD LONDRES—

CHRISTUS VICTOR—DUFLO CASALIS

(Cable from French S.C.M. to British S.C.M.)

THE FUTURE

"On the Continent Christian witness has had mainly to take the form of suffering and sacrifice. In quiet times the Christian religion may seem to have been tamed and domesticated; under persecution it is liable to come alive again in all its revolutionary power. When peace comes, the links which Christians in the warring countries have with one another may be almost the only force available *for the restoration of broken human relationships.*"

(Sir Walter Moberly in the "Sunday Times", 9th Nov. '41.)

Reconstruction—on what? (A Dialogue)

The outside of your leaflet's a bit of a puzzle.

Is it?

Yes. You call it "Reconstruction and Restoration". But what's that got to do with the cable from the French S.C.M.?

Oh, the cable's just an illustration.

Illustration of what?

Of the links between different countries mentioned in the newspaper cutting.

Hmm, not much of a link, is it?

Oh, I agree. It isn't the cable that's the link.

Then what?

The fact mentioned in the cable.

I get you. You mean the Christian allegiance is the link?

Yes. The cable just recognises and expresses the common ground between us.

Hmm. To tackle the job of reconstruction I suppose the nations do need some common ground. But now there's little left.

What do you mean?

I mean that there are mighty few in the different nations who call themselves Christians now-a-days.

True. But it's loyalty and faithfulness, not figures, that matter most, and persecution is creating just these qualities. Besides in point of fact Christians are increasing in numbers.

Wish I thought so.

Well, forget Europe and look at China, India and Africa. There Christians *are* on the increase.

Perhaps, but how many of them see beyond their own nation?

I agree. Most of us are British, French or German first and Christians a long way second. We need to reverse that and find a deeper loyalty. The common ground must be solid.

How do you propose to set about all this?

That's where the W.S.C.F. comes in.

The what?

The World's Student Christian Federation.

Never heard of it.

Well listen to me for ten minutes and you won't be able to say that again.

O.K. Fire away.

Five Decades

It's close on fifty years since the leaders of various national Student Christian Movements got together in an old castle in Sweden and decided to found the World's Student Christian Federation, so it's no new and frothy thing that I'm going to describe. It's been tested in the trial of war before and not been found wanting. The W.S.C.F. now represents the students of twenty-two different nations, and when you think of the key positions students will hold in every community I think you'll agree that its influence can be of a multiplying kind.

At the last Federation Executive to meet on English soil there were represented China, India, U.S.A., France, Germany, Greece, Switzerland, Holland, the Russian S.C.M. in Exile, Hungary, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa and Great Britain.

The war has compelled the Federation to divide its Headquarters. Robert Mackie, the General Secretary, now lives in Canada, and the Chairman, Dr. Visser 't Hooft, makes Geneva his centre.

But I must tell you what the Federation is out to do and be.

Restoration

The Federation's first job is concerned with restoration. By that I don't mean pushing people back to the old paths, but helping them to find a new one. And that new one begins when the right relation between God and man is restored. What we call the Gospel is all about the restoration of this relationship. The Federation's first job then is to proclaim in speech and action the forgiveness, love and power of God made known and available in Jesus Christ. Hence we find the Federation concerning itself with University Missions. These are sometimes of an unusual kind as when, for instance, a group of American Negroes undertook a tour of the Indian Colleges. Their Christian witness carried far more conviction than would a group composed of Indian or British students. Not so long ago Mr. Kiang Wen-Han, Vice-Chairman of the Federation, was invited to address Communist detachments of the Chinese Eighth Route Army on the Christian faith. That Faith is playing a big part in the Chinese renaissance. Few men can have carried God's good news to so many countries as the Federation's Chinese Secretary, T. Z. Koo.

The restoration I'm talking about comes before reconstruction. Indeed it's the basis of it. If men are to be reconciled with one another they must first be reconciled to God.

The First International?

History books tell us that the First International was founded in 1864, but of course it wasn't. The First International was the Christian Church, and it was founded a few years before that. Plain internationalism is rather fly blown these days, but not Christian internationalism. Indeed, it is more vigorous and far reaching now than ever before. And the reason is that it's founded on something deeper than self-interest, sentimentality, culture, or just the desire for peace. This fact carries with it a great hope for the future. When peace comes, as Sir Walter Moberly points out, these links between Christians "may be almost the only force available for the restoration of broken human relationships". It's a notable fact that when the war brought German missionary work to a standstill the countries Germany was fighting against, acting through the International Missionary Council, undertook to carry on the work. It is a further notable fact that this Council would never have come into existence but for old members of the W.S.C.F.

And here it's well to remember the intimate relation there is between the Federation and what are called Missions. There would be no W.S.C.F.—no Christian students in other lands—were it not for the missionary outreach of the Church. The Federation is, as it

were, a cross section of that outreach. Only the stupid can be keen on the Federation and uninterested in the building up of the Church overseas.

Christian Political Realism

The Federation does not encourage a narrow pietism. It has always believed that the commandment to love your neighbour implies decision and action in the political field. At the same time its attitude has never been one of simple optimism. Way back in 1935 the W.S.C.F. saw the way events were moving. Look at the cover of *The Student World*, First Quarter, 1935 (entitled "Our attitude to the 'Next War'") as an illustration of its realism. One of the articles in that issue was written by Arthur Henderson, President of the Disarmament Conference. "Peace," he says, "depends on a new attitude of mind and must be conceived as a great spiritual and constructive idea." War has come upon us because there was no new attitude of mind and no common spiritual bond. These must be created if Reconstruction is to be hopefully undertaken.

Max Huber is an old friend of the Federation. He was President of the Permanent Court of International Justice and is now President of the International Red Cross. In a recent article in *The Student World* he makes the point—no peace without international law; no international law without an international moral standard; no international moral standard without an international ethos or faith.

Reconstruction on what? Press the question home and the answer is "On a common faith." And what faith is there that is adequate to the task except the Christian Faith? What faith can compare with it in depth and moral splendour?

Prisoners and Refugees

During the last war the Federation founded what is now known as International Student Service. This is the Federation's specialised agency for dealing with prisoners of war and student relief. To catalogue all that I.S.S. has done since 1934 for refugees in Europe, for Chinese student relief and for prisoners of war would be impossible. Tens of thousands of pounds have been collected and spent. International Student Service is in contact with over a hundred prisoner of war camps in Germany, and to them have been dispatched thousands of parcels and books. It is rapidly developing study centres for British student prisoners in Germany. Nor has China been forgotten. Last year over £500 was sent there from this country for student relief. And now I.S.S. is turning its attention to the vast problem of Russian prisoners.

Our Overseas Guests

The S.C.M. because of its membership in the Federation has always regarded the presence of overseas students in our colleges as a privilege and opportunity. We have two special members of staff whose job it is to see that these student ambassadors are not left out of things but helped to feel at home. Glasgow has an International Club with Appadurai Aaron as Warden. Student Movement House, our International Club in London, has a membership of seven hundred, and its old members are to be found in every quarter of the globe. Before the war you could have seen students of fifty nationalities passing through its doors. Those doors the Blitz has sometimes unhinged but never closed.

To see the Nativity Play which the House produces every Christmas is a moving experience. A King may hail from the Orient; a shepherd from Palestine or China. It is indeed a house for "all the nations".

Your Part

Now I want to ask you if you will help us in this work of Reconstruction and Restoration. That help can be given in two ways.

Firstly, by joining with us in observing Sunday, February 15th, as the Universal Day of Prayer for Students, remembering especially those students whose witness has now mainly to take the form of suffering and sacrifice.

Secondly, by contributing to our Federation Week Appeal. . . .

Students Interned in France

After six months of visiting the internment camps of southern France, I can no longer think of any camp without having the faces and lives of individuals there spring to my mind. It may be one of my friends among the internees—a young Spaniard, a fine Russian couple, a German Jewish student—or perhaps one of the directors or his assistants. I have now come to see these camps, not as internment centers, but as people.

This was not the case during my first visits. Then I was looked on with suspicion by officials and internees alike. The former wondered who this new person was who was coming to "inspect" their camp. They asked me why I had come, what I wanted, what organisation I represented, what it stood for, and a score of other questions. To a visitor for the first time all internees look alike, except that some are dirtier and unhappier than others. They look

at you with an uninterested air, and you can almost feel their questioning, what will the result of your visit be? Will it bring any change in our condition, or will it be just another inspection? I shall never forget the expression in the eyes of the men in a camp I recently visited for the first time. I felt like an intruder, merely sight-seeing in the camp. Their perfectly blank, expressionless faces—faces that two years ago were full and happy—did not respond at all to my very best smile. They had seen so many outsiders come and go in the camp without bringing any change in their lot that they were losing faith in any help from the outside. I felt exactly as though I were being shown through a zoo, and was to be amused by the “stunts” of the inmates. In this camp the men were making little toys for children. What a contrast between the little Donald Ducks and laughing poodles these men were cutting out and painting in bright colours, and their own grey drab lives! I went out the barbed-wire gate feeling I was leaving a tragic exposition.

Fortunately not all my visits were like that—in fact, it is now quite the exception. A short time ago I visited the largest internment camp in unoccupied France. I have been here often, and once lived in the camp for over a week. As I cycled to the gate—the only way of covering the five miles from the railway station—the guard greeted me, and we stopped to talk awhile. Many of the guards are themselves refugees from northern France and will not be able to join their families until after the war. Once past the guard house I continued on my way alone. I am allowed complete freedom to circulate inside the camp. I see familiar faces along the road—the camp is over three miles long—and stop for a minute to exchange greetings with the Rabbi of the camp. He is a fine-looking man who was not interned with the others, but who has chosen to follow his people into internment that he might serve them better.

Upon arrival at the Foyer I was immediately overwhelmed by old friends. What a change has come over some of these people during the past four or five months. I remember the first time I met the young Spanish student who is now the mainstay of the work in our Foyer. This was in June after he had just been transferred from the hospital to the camp. His pitch black hair was uncut, he was badly in need of a shave, his only coat—a dirty corduroy jacket—looked as if it had not been cleaned since he left Spain in January, 1939. Immediately after he had crossed the Pyrenees in the dead of winter he was interned in one of the worst camps (happily now abandoned), only to be transferred after six months to the hospital on account of his failing health. He had practically lost the use of one eye, but his whole spirit was shining from

the other one. He did not ask for any material aid, but wanted some good friends with whom he could talk about personal and religious problems. I gave him a complete new wardrobe—shirt, underclothes, socks and a pair of trousers,—and lent him my razor. Completely transformed, both physically and spiritually, he is now in charge of all Spanish activities in the Foyer. Raymond is never happier today than when he is organising a “fête” or directing some other small feature for the entertainment of his fellow internees. He is one of the leading members in the Bible study group that meets once a week. I am hoping that it will soon be possible to release him and to give him the opportunity of taking up studies neglected since the beginning of the Spanish war.

In the same camp I always like to spend some time with a young musician. He was studying in Belgium until May, 1940, when he was arrested on the street and shipped to the southern part of France. In his first camp, he quickly made himself useful with his special talent of organising and directing anything musical. But as he was constantly transferred from one camp to another he was never able to do anything permanent. This is one of the hardest parts in any internee's life—he is constantly being shifted from one place to another—often on very short notice. Consequently he just becomes “established”—which means getting accustomed to the particular inconveniences of one camp—when he is sent on and must start all over again. Fortunately we have been able to more or less “stabilise” Alfred in this camp. Here he is relatively happy because he has the opportunity to give himself entirely to his music. How delighted he was when I told him that we were soon to have a piano in the Foyer. And the day it actually came his joy and gratitude knew no bounds. Only a musician will be able to appreciate what it meant to him to be able to use a piano once again after being deprived of it for over fifteen months. He now is the proud director of a string trio, a violin duet, and a glee club composed of twenty-five to thirty young people. And the most marvelous thing is that his spirit is contagious. The other young people in the camp have not only become interested in music, but have once again taken an interest in living. Where once one was continually disturbed by grumbling and complaints, one now is thrilled and uplifted by a Beethoven sonata or a Bach Fugue. The presence of one young student, with a little help and encouragement from the outside, and above all the feeling that he is not working alone, has transformed the life of the camp.

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In one of the smaller camps there is a group of young men in various advanced stages of tuberculosis. Among these there are fifteen students whom I always visit whenever I go to this camp.

Their case is really most pitiful, as it is hard enough to be interned, but when one is sick, life becomes doubly unbearable. These people are isolated from the rest of the camp, and I have to pass through two rows of barbed-wire in order to visit them. These rows are rather ironical as most of the sick could not escape even if they wanted to. On this particular day I was bringing several dictionaries, some paper for covering books, pencils and notebooks. Small gifts it is true, but as these students expressed it when I entered the barrack which has become their hospital: "These small things remind us that there are people on the outside who really do care." Sitting at a table with two or three of the students we discussed together the best method of organising a student library for the intellectuals in the isolated tubercular area of the camp who are not allowed to use the general camp library. This means duplicating many of the books in the other library, but thanks to contributions received from the sick students themselves we soon had over one hundred and fifty books. There was reading material that was to lighten the long hours that most of these fellows had to spend flat upon their backs. Few of them have a very good chance of getting better until they can have large quantities of rich food such as butter, eggs, milk, and cheese—things it is practically impossible to get in France today.

This is a multi-lingual group as out of the fourteen students, four can converse fluently in two languages, five speak four languages, and two of them talk and understand five different tongues. One interesting factor about these interned tubercular students is that the young Spaniards and Germans get along very well together—which is not always the case. They have been able to create an university atmosphere where a person's nationality or race doesn't matter. They are all students and are willing to exchange their knowledge: the Spaniards teach the Germans or Austrians Spanish and vice-versa. The leader of the whole group is a tall blond student of sociology. Just before he was interned he had published an article in one of the leading sociological reviews in Paris, but was interned before he had the opportunity of seeing it in print. Circumstances and difficulties never seem to affect him, as every time I have met him he has been smiling or laughing.

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Upon one visit to the camp of G. I had the pleasure of attending a student recital. Two young musicians—a violinist and a pianist—were giving their monthly concert for the distraction of their fellow internees. The "concert-hall" was a regular wooden barrack with backless benches for seats. Old army blankets were used for the back—and side—drops on the improvised stage. The stage lights

were made out of old tin cans. These home-made decorations did not in any way impair the beauty of the music. Both of these young students had been studying at the Brussels Conservatory before the war. The young woman had spent over a year preparing her final senior piano recital, only to be arrested two weeks before the date when she was to present it. If it were not for the fact that she is able to practise almost daily in the camp, on one of the two pianos available, life would be hopelessly depressing. Who knows how many years it will be until she will finally be able to present her senior recital?

I spent an evening with four or five other students who are in exceptionally favoured positions in this camp: they are working in the distribution office—one of the few rooms in this city of five thousand people that is well heated. The fact that they are thus favoured is another and different example of student solidarity: by chance one of the students was employed in the office—an exceptionally sought-after job as one is well fed, heated day and night, and one sleeps in a room with only five other people. As he gradually gained the confidence of the director he was able to fill further vacancies in the offices with his fellow-students. Over one half of the students in this camp are now employed in these positions. This does not mean that they have forgotten their fellows who are just the other side of the barbed-wire—as their first request to me was that I should do something for those still in the camp. These have no warm room to which they can withdraw when they want to be alone to study. They spend day after day following the same dreary routine broken only by their noon and evening meals of soup. Many of them stay in bed until late into the morning not only to shorten the long hours of the day, but also in order to keep warm.

It was thus that I found one young fellow at 10.30 one morning. As I entered the low unlit barrack I had to stop a minute before my eyes became accustomed to the darkness. Finally distinguishing forms on the beds I asked for my friend R.F. Immediately there was a rustle about half-way down on one side of the barrack, and a voice called out "here". Passing between two rows of staring eyes I came to the bed which has served as his table, desk, and chair for the past fifteen months. He apologised for still being in bed, but added quickly, "There really isn't much to get up for." As I looked around I entirely sympathised with him, while at the same time trying to maintain a pleasant and cheerful look. Above his head was a shelf, made out of an old packing box, containing the few possessions that were left to him: a tooth brush, two handkerchiefs, a razor, a comb, and an old shoe-box with various letters and papers. Next to these few personal belongings were four or five books which he had borrowed from the student library. Although he had started

his studies in 1933 in Paris he has had to interrupt them several times, and has worked since then as clerk, book-keeper, filing assistant—anything to keep alive. Now that he is not engaged in earning his living he has attempted to renew his interest in mechanical engineering. The books he had indicated that he was not losing his time on light reading; here was a German book on electrotechnics, another on trigonometry, a French-German German-French dictionary, a French higher mathematics, and a novel by Dickens. He had the necessary materials for his studies, and was very grateful to those who had made it possible for him to begin again, but he did not have any room where he could quietly pursue his interest.

As I left him, I wondered whether if I were placed in similar conditions, would I be interested in anything besides the purely material things? After every visit in a camp I came away deeply impressed by the number of people I have talked with who though prisoners in body, are able to let their spirits and minds soar out beyond the borders of the camp.

TRACY STRONG JR.

January 1942.

BOOK REVIEW

IN THIS GENERATION. The story of Robert Wilder. By Ruth Wilder Braisted. *Friendship Press, New York.* Price—Cloth \$1.25, Paper \$0.75.

Here is a book of more than ordinary significance. It is at once the stirring life story of a great idealist and internationalist, the record of an eventful chapter in Church history and a study in spiritual dynamics.

For Christian students in particular it is an inevitable book for their careful reading. Its account of the origin and early decades of the Student Volunteer Movement is intimate and authentic, so that the reader gets a true conception of the original principles and purposes which were the very genius of that student uprising (and have continued to be its inner strength down to the present) and which have been its distinctive contribution to individual student Christian movements and quite definitely to the World's Student Christian Federation. Just what those elements were which gave the Student Volunteer Movement its characteristic idiom can not be accurately listed or described. This volume does not attempt to do so but it does reveal that they relate not to organisation but

rather to the centralities and spiritualities which make for high and enduring achievement in the work of God's Kingdom.

The book is a biography of Robert P. Wilder, whose life, excepting for short interludes, was devoted to work for the students of many lands. It tells in some detail of his major share in the founding of the Student Volunteer Movement of North America, then of his vital part in launching the Student Volunteer Missionary Union of Great Britain and Ireland and the Student Volunteer Movement in the Northern Lands (Scandinavian) of a decade of work among students in India—where he had been born—of another decade of student work in the British Student Christian Movement, of a stretch among the countries of Europe as a secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, of his service during the war years as senior secretary of the Religious Work Department of the North American Y.M.C.A., and of his return in 1919 to the North American Student Volunteer Movement as its General Secretary. He retained throughout an active interest in the World's Student Christian Federation and acted for many years as official representative of "The Movement in Lands without National Organisation". His last official position, from 1927-1933, was that of Secretary for the Near East Christian Council (of missionaries), working from his centre at Cairo over the mission lands from Morocco to Persia and from the Balkans to the Soudan. All in all the official responsibilities of his Christian service had by then ranged from Calcutta to Vancouver and from Finland to the Nile Valley.

But it was depth rather than breadth that characterised his life's work. He lived in the presence of God and laboured in the strength of God. His every talent and every moment were laid at the feet of his Lord. This reviewer recalls with deathless gratitude the impression he gave, in and out of season, alone or with crowds, on the platform, or on the train, or in our hotel room, of a man whose life was "hid with Christ in God". One often recalled what General Stonewall Jackson said of his own prayer life, "The habit has become as fixed as breathing". Times without number, when he was in a difficult spot, or about to deliver a speech or make an important call, he would catch one's eye and then raise his forefinger—a silent S.O.S. for his friend to pray. Wherever he went he imparted a spiritual gift.

This little book gives a faithful portrayal of the man himself as well as of the great movements which he founded or in which he was a vigorous leader. Challenge and inspiration abound in its pages. It is well-proportioned and well arranged and well written.

J. LOVELL MURRAY